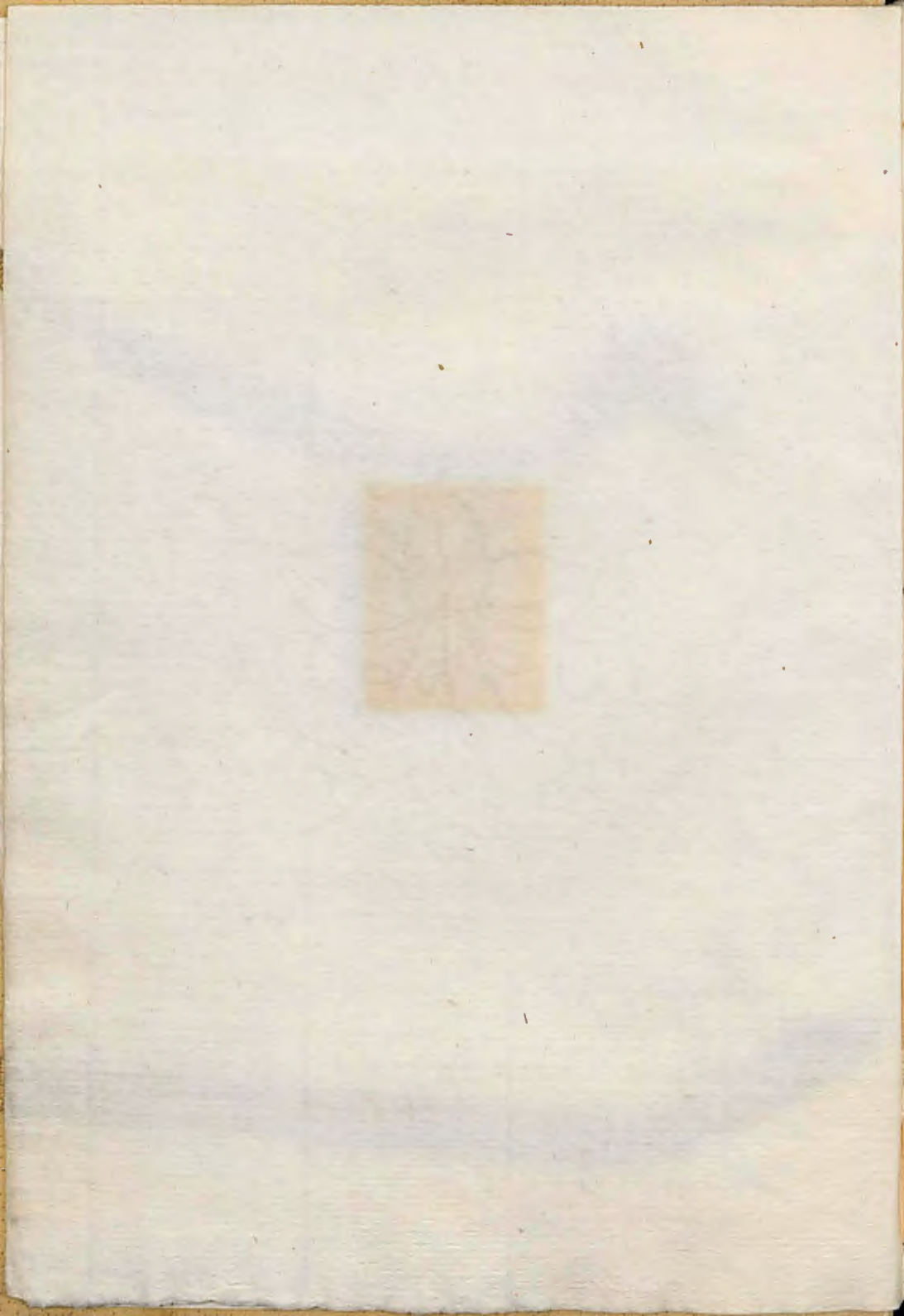


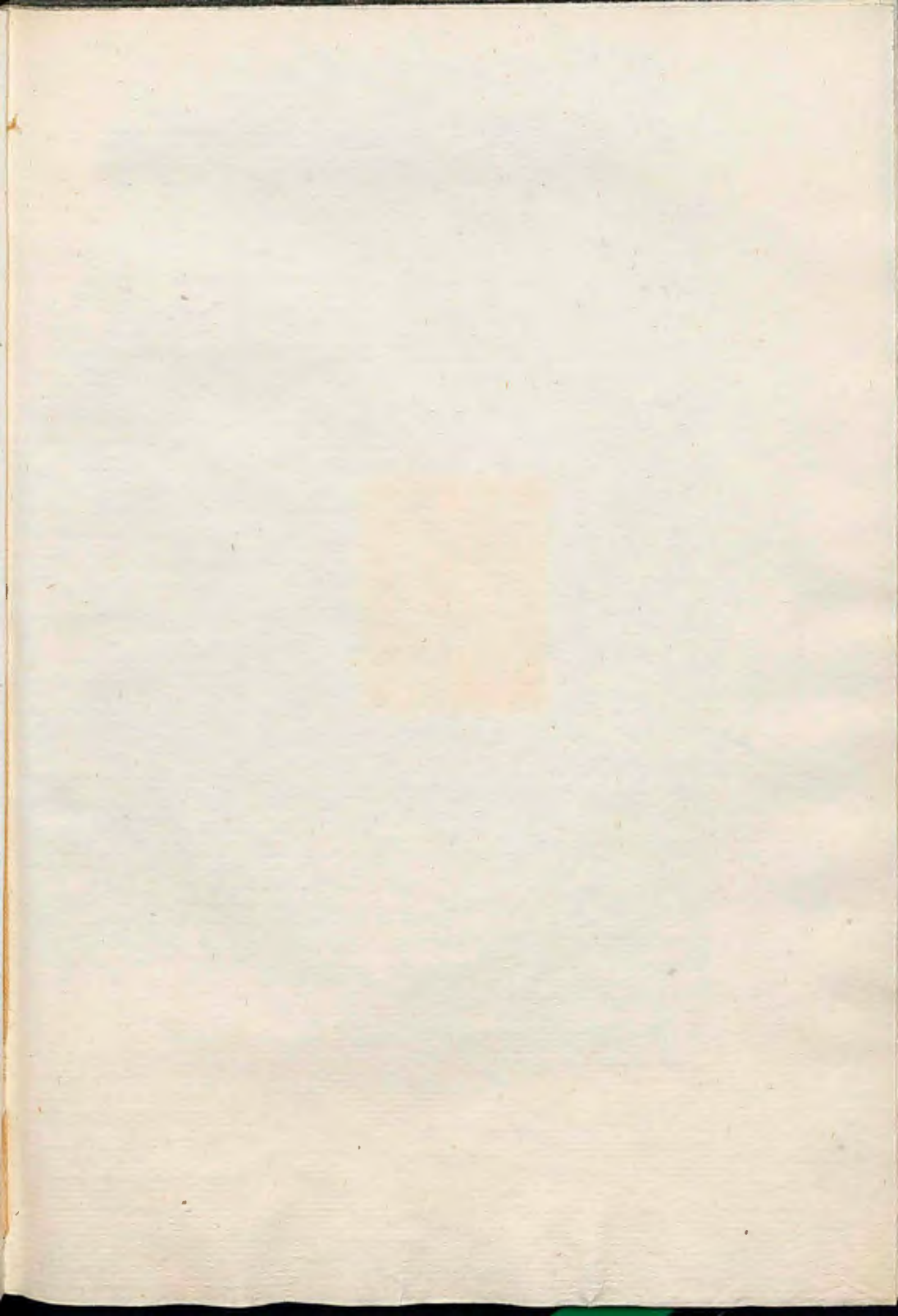


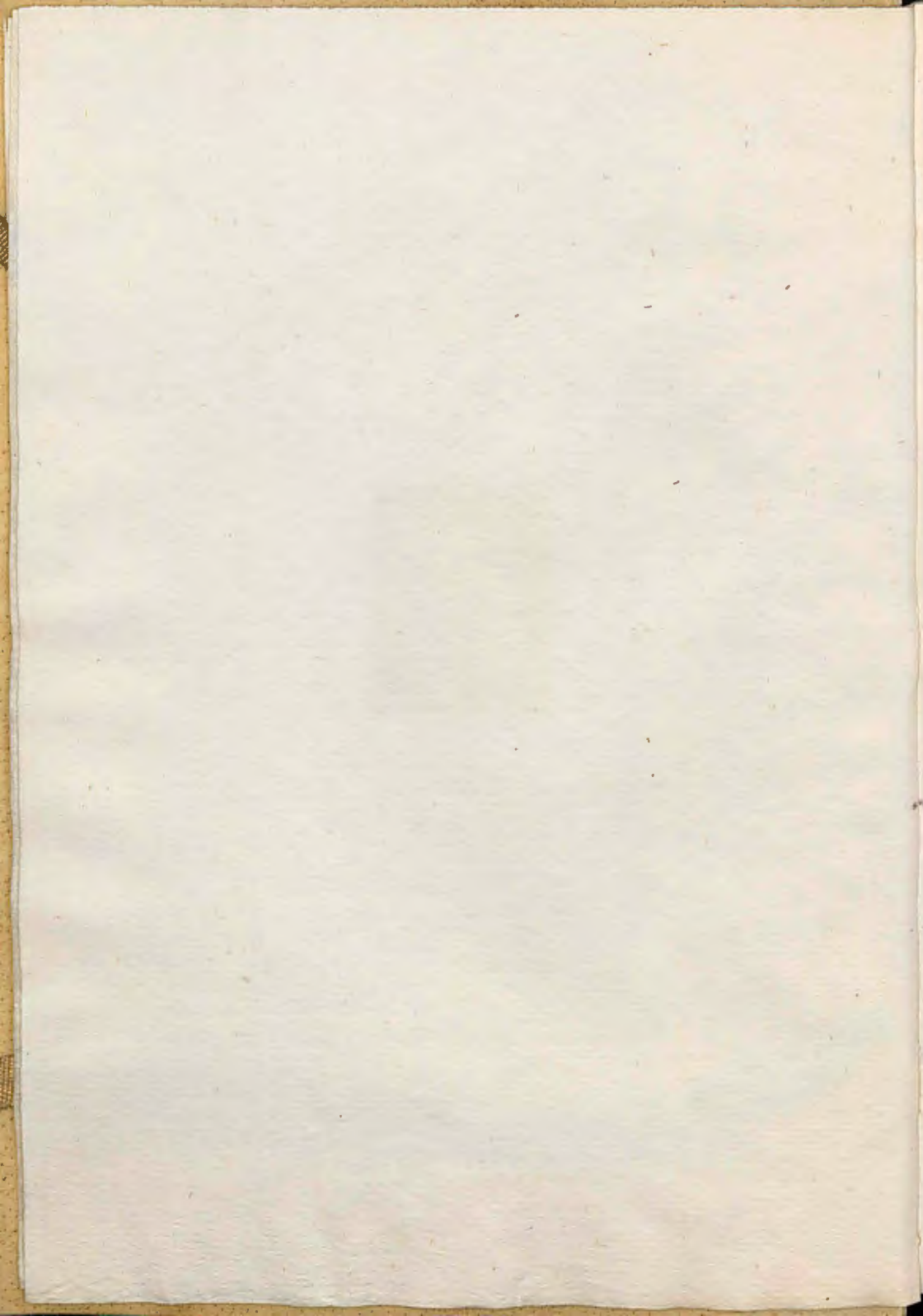
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THE HISTORY OF THE
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 POEMS CHOSEN OUT OF THE
WORKS OF ROBERT HERRICK.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.	page
A crystal vial Cupid brought,	190
A golden fly one showed to me,	163
A Gyges ring they bear about them still,	215
A little saint best fits a little shrine,	214
A sweet disorder in the dress	20
A way enchased with glass and beads	79
A wearied pilgrim I have wandred here,	263
A willow garland thou didst send	144
About the sweet bag of a bee,	22
After the feast, my Shapcot, see	145
After the rare arch-poet Jonson died,	136
Ah, Ben!	238
Ah, Biancha! now I see	248
Ah, cruel love! must I endure	63
Ah, Lycidas, come tell me why	160
Ah me! I love; give him your hand to kiss	228
Ah, my Anthea! must my heart still break?	16
Ah, my Perilla! dost thou grieve to see	6
Ah! Posthumus, our years hence fly,	118
All things decay with time:	16
Along, come along,	257
Among the myrtles as I walk'd,	97
Among thy fancies, tell me this,	116
And, cruel maid, because I see	52
And must we part, because some say,	39
Anthea, I am going hence	230
As gillyflowers do but stay	112
As is your name so is your comely face,	249
As Julia once a slumbering lay,	61
As shows the air when with a rainbow grac'd,	31
Ask me why I do not sing	117
Ask me why I send you here	179

	page
At draw-gloves we'll play	88
At my homely country-seat,	138
At stool-ball, Lucia, let us play,	204
Away with silks, away with lawn,	139
Bad are the times.	142
Be bold, my book, nor be abashed, or fear	181
Be not proud, but now incline	86
Be the mistress of my choice	199
Begin to charm, and as thou strok'st mine ears	57
Begin with Jove; then is the work half done,	114
Biancha, let Me pay the debt	21
Bid me to live, and I will live	98
Bind me but to thee with thine hair,	242
Born I was to be old,	170
Bright tulips, we do know	162
Bring me my rose-buds, drawer, come;	179
Bring the holy crust of bread,	235
Brisk, methinks I am, and fine,	250
Burn or drown me,	217
By dream I saw one of the three	139
By the next kindling of the day,	226
By those soft tods of wool,	218
Call me no more,	129
Charm me asleep, and melt me so	85
Charms, that call down the moon	88
Charon, O gentle Charon,	213
Cherry-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,	14
Choose me your Valentine;	23
Clear are her eyes,	168
Come and let's in solemn wise	231
Come, Anthea, know thou this,	203
Come, Anthea, let us two	217

	page
Come, blitheful neatherds, let us lay	208
Come, bring with a noise,	222
Come, come away,	124
Come down, and dance ye in the toil	6
Come, guard this night the Christmas-pie,	223
Come, pity us, all ye who see	286
Come, sit we by the fireside	186
Come sit we under yonder tree	182
Come, sons of summer, by whose toil,	89
Come then, & like two doves with silv'ry wings,	176
Come thou, who art the wine and wit	164
Come with the spring-time forth,	126
Command the roof, great Genius,	211
Cupid as he lay among Roses,	41
Cynthia pluck ye by the ear,	43
Dear, though to part it be a hell,	23
Despair takes heart when there's no hope	250
Dew sat on Julia's hair,	158
Do with me, God, as thou didst deal with John,	268
Down with the rosemary and bays,	235
Down with the rosemary, and so	246
Droop, droop no more, or hang the head,	4
Drowning, drowning, I espy	244
Dry your sweet cheek,	95
Eaten I have; and though I had good cheer,	171
Fair daffodils, we weep to see	111
Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,	155
Fame's pillar here at last we set,	266
Farewell, thou thing, time past so known,	35
Fill me a mighty bowl	195
First, April, she with mellow showers	16
First may the hand of bounty bring	240

	page
First offer incense, then thy field and meads	129
Fled are the frosts, and now the fields appear	192
Fly me not, though I be grey;	169
Fold now thine arms, and hang the head	38
For a kiss or two, confess,	247
For my embalming, Julia, do but this,	115
For my part, I never care	72
Frolic virgins once these were,	138
From me my Silvia ran away,	237
From noise of scare-fires rest ye free,	110
From the dull confines of the drooping West,	207
From the temple to your home	187
From this bleeding hand of mine,	78
Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,	74
Get up, get up for shame,	57
Give me a cell	219
Give me a man that is not dull	257
Give me one kiss,	170
Give me wine, and give me meat,	185
Give way, give way, ye gates,	156
Glide, gentle streams, and bear	33
Glory be to the Graces!	220
Go, happy rose, and interwove	87
Go hence, and with this parting kiss,	152
Go, perjur'd man; and if thou e'er return	41
Go, pretty child, and bear this flower	275
Go, thou forth, my book, though late,	265
God makes not good men wantons,	285
Goddess, I do love a girl	124
Gold I've none, for use or show,	78
Good morrow to the day so fair;	140
Good speed, for I this day	76

	page
Great men by small means oft are overthrown,	159
Happily I had a sight	253
Have, have ye no regard, all ye	292
Have ye beheld, with much delight,	144
He that will not love,	91
Hear ye, Virgins, and I'll teach	109
Help me, Julia, for to pray,	261
Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,	184
Her pretty feet	169
Here a little child I stand,	279
Here a pretty baby lies	192
Here a solemn fast we keep,	151
Here down my wearied limbs I'll lay,	110
Here, here I live with what my board	172
Here lies Jonson with the rest	238
Here she lies, a pretty bud,	111
Here she lies, in bed of spice,	228
Here we securely live,	171
Holy-rood, come forth and shield	156
Holy water come and bring;	219
Honour to you who sit	221
How fierce was I, when I did see	242
How rich and pleasing thou, my Julia, art,	22
How well contented in this private grange	251
I brake thy bracelet 'gainst my will,	206
I bring ye love.	251
I could but see thee yesterday	227
I could never love indeed,	159
I dare not ask a kiss,	199
I do love I know not what;	180
I dream'd we both were in a bed	15
I dreamt the roses one time went	5

	page
I freeze, I freeze, and nothing dwells	5
I have a leaden, thou a shaft of gold;	265
I have been wanton and too bold, I fear,	265
I have lost, and lately, these	11
I held Love's head while it did ache;	163
I'll come to thee in all those shapes	50
I'll hope no more	283
I'll sing no more, nor will I longer write	196
I'm free from thee, and thou no more shalt hear	12
I must Not trust	249
I played with Love as with the fire	174
I saw a cherry weep, and why?	7
I saw about her spotless wrist,	55
I send, I send here my supremest kiss,	255
I sing of brooks, of blossoms, birds and bowers,	1
I sing thy praise, Iacchus,	219
I will confess	243
I will no longer kiss,	264
If, dear Anthea, my hard fate it be	7
If nine times you your bridegroom kiss,	179
If ye fear to be affrighted,	260
If ye will with Mab find grace,	173
Immortal clothing I put on	225
In a dream, Love bade me go	186
In numbers, and but these few,	268
In sober mornings do not thou rehearse	3
In the hour of my distress,	270
In the morning when ye rise,	259
In this little urn is laid	222
In this world, the Isle of dreams,	290
In time of life I graced ye with my verse;	125
Instead of orient pearls of jet,	8

Instruct me now what love will do;	page 262
Is this a fast to keep	291
Is this a life, to break thy sleep,	200
It was, and still my care is,	202
Julia, I bring	56
Kindle the Christmas brand,	236
Laid out for dead, let thy last kindness be	13
Let fair or foul my mistress be,	178
Let the superstitious wife	235
Let us now take time and play,	205
Let us, though late, at last, my Silvia, wed,	4
Lilies will languish; violets look ill;	32
Live, live with me, and thou shalt see	166
Lord, thou hast given me a cell	272
Loth to depart, but yet at last each one	127
Love and myself, believe me, on a day,	12
Love bade me ask a gift,	89
Love brought me to a silent grove,	230
Love, I have broke	152
Love, I recant,	88
Love in a shower of blossoms came	234
Love is a circle, that doth restless move	8
Love, like a beggar, came to me,	234
Love, like a gipsy, lately came,	54
Love love begets;	216
Love on a day, wise poets tell,	96
Love scorch'd my finger,	21
Make haste away, and let one be	229
Make me a heaven, and make me there	39
Methought I saw, as I did dream in bed,	252
Methought, last night, Love in an anger came	11
Mine eyes, like clouds, were drizzling rain;	204

	page
More white than whitest lilies far,	24
Music, thou queen of heaven,	92
My dearest love, since thou wilt go,	260
My faithful friend, if you can see	70
My head doth ache,	181
My Muse in meads has spent her many hours	84
My soul would one day go and seek	233
My wearied bark, O let it now be crown'd!	266
Naught are all women:	234
No fault in women, to refuse	107
No more shall I, since I am driven hence,	118
No news of navies burnt at seas;	112
No trust to metals or to marbles,	295
Noonday and midnight shall at once be seen;	51
Now is the time for mirth,	70
Now is the time when all the lights wax dim;	14
Now is your turn, my dearest, to be set	223
Now, now the mirth comes	256
Now, now's the time, so oft by truth	44
O jealousy, that art	151
O thou, the wonder of all days!	276
O years! and age! farewell:	274
O you the Virgins Nine!	195
One ask'd me where the roses grew,	12
One night i'th' year, my dearest beauties, come	190
One silent night of late,	18
Only a little more I have to write,	75
Orpheus he went, as poets tell,	224
Pardon me, God, once more I thee entreat,	285
Partly work and partly play	254
Permit me, Julia, now to go away,	52
Permit mine eyes to see	284

	page
Play I could once;	75
Play, Phœbus, on thy lute,	138
Please, your grace, from out your store	191
Ponder my words, if so that any be	240
Prepare for songs; he's come,	281
Rare are thy cheeks, Susanna,	168
Rare temples thou hast seen, I know,	79
Reach with your whiter hands to me	162
Readers, we entreat ye pray	225
Rise, household gods, and let us go,	100
Roses at first were white,	95
Roses, you can never die,	261
Sadly I walk'd within the field,	62
Sappho, I will choose to go	224
Sea-born goddess, let me be,	126
See'st thou that cloud that rides in state,	225
Seest thou those diamonds which she wears	117
Shall I go to Love and tell	227
Shapcot! to thee the fairy state	107
Should I not put on blacks,	238
Shut not so soon; the dull-eyed night	145
Sick is Anthea, sickly is the spring,	258
Since shed or cottage I have none,	259
Sitting alone, as one forsook,	42
Smooth was the sea, and seem'd to call	242
So long you did not sing, or touch your lute,	86
So look the mornings when the sun	224
So looks Anthea when in bed she lies	24
So smell those odours that do rise	130
So smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice,	15
So soft streams meet,	66
Some ask'd me where the Rubies grew	17

	page
Spend, harmless shade, thy nightly hours,	239
Spring with the lark, most comely bride,	183
Stately goddess, do thou please,	127
Stay while ye will, or go,	74
Sweet Amarillis by a spring's	37
Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes,	53
Sweet Bridget blush'd, and therewithal,	174
Sweet country life, to such unknown	196
Sweet virgin, that I do not set	131
Sweet western wind, whose luck it is,	92
Tell me, what needs those rich deceits,	233
Tell us, thou clear and heavenly tongue,	282
That flow of gallants which approach	206
That hour-glass which there you see	35
That morn which saw me made a bride,	99
The hag is astride	193
The Maypole is up,	205
The mellow touch of music most doth wound	8
The only comfort of my life	258
The rose was sick, and smiling died;	203
The saints' bell calls; and Julia, I must read	180
The work is done; now let my laurel be	292
The work is done; young men and maidens set	266
These fresh beauties, we can prove,	10
These springs were maidens once that lov'd,	158
These summer birds did with thy master stay	137
This cross-tree here doth Jesus bear,	294
This I'll tell ye by the way,	259
This stone can tell the story of my life,	246
Those tapers which we set upon the grave	291
Thou art to all lost love the best,	96
Thou gav'st me leave to kiss,	128

	page
Thou mighty lord and master of the lyre,	232
Thou say'st thou lov'st me, Sappho;	231
Thou seest me, Lucia, this year droop;	245
Thou shalt not all die;	128
Thou, thou that bear'st the sway,	232
Though clock, To tell how night	212
Three lovely sisters working were,	13
Thrice, and above, blest,	25
Thrice happy roses,	215
Thy sooty godhead I desire	182
Till I shall come again,	132
Time was upon The wing,	269
'Tis evening my sweet,	169
'Tis not every day that I	208
'Tis said, as Cupid danced among	207
To gather flowers Sappha went,	216
To read my book, the virgin shy	3
Touch but thy lyre, my Harry,	230
Tumble me down, and I will sit	202
'Twas but a single rose,	43
'Twixt truth and error there's this difference	256
Under a lawn, than skies more clear,	18
Upon her cheeks she wept,	175
Virgins promis'd when I died,	35
Water, water I espy;	54
Weigh me the fire; or canst thou find	267
Welcome, maids of honour,	73
Were I to give thee baptism,	20
What! can my Kellam drink his sack	241
What conscience, say, is it in thee	149
What need complaints,	253
What offspring other men have got,	203

	page
What sweeter music can we bring	279
What times of sweetness this fair day foreshows,	34
What was't that fell but now	64
What will ye, my poor orphans, do,	185
What's that we see from far?	101
When as in silks my Julia goes,	221
When I a verse shall make,	181
When I beheld thee, almost slain,	293
When I behold a forest spread	173
When I consider, dearest, thou dost stay	168
When I departed am, ring thou my knell,	100
When I did go from thee, I felt that smart	32
When I go hence, ye closet gods, I fear	194
When I love, as some have told,	175
When I thy singing next shall hear,	15
When Julia chid, I stood as mute the while	51
When out of bed my love doth spring,	139
When that day comes whose evening says I'm gone	8
When thou dost play, and sweetly sing,	128
When to a house I come, and see	252
When winds and seas do rage,	286
When with the virgin morning thou dost rise	114
Whether I was myself,	262
While, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee,	60
While the milder fates consent,	30
While thou didst keep thy candour undefiled	3
White though ye be, yet, lilies, know,	63
Whither dost thou whorry me,	141
Whither, mad maiden, wilt thou roam?	2
Whither? Say, whither shall I fly,	31
Who forms a godhead out of gold or stone,	274
Why do not all fresh maids appear	93

	page
Why do ye weep, sweet babes?	94
Why dost thou wound and break my heart,	264
Why I tie about thy wrist,	115
Why, madam, will ye longer weep,	164
Why so slowly do you move	229
Why this flower is now call'd so,	9
Will ye hear what I can say	125
Would I see lawn, clear as the heaven,	141
Would I woo, and would I win,	237
Ye have been fresh and green,	99
Ye may simper, blush, and smile,	63
Ye silent shades, whose each tree here	150
You are a tulip seen to-day,	77
You have beheld a smiling rose	64
You say I love not, 'cause I do not play	10
You see this gentle stream,	210

POEMS
CHOSEN
OUT OF
THE
WORKS OF
ROBERT
HERRICK

POEMS
CHOSEN
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WORKS OF
ROBERT
HERRICK

THE ARGUMENT OF HIS
BOOK.

ISING OF BROOKS, OF
BLOSSOMS, BIRDS,
AND BOWERS, OF
APRIL, MAY, OF JUNE,
& JULY FLOWERS;
I SING OF MAY,
POLES, HOCK-CARTS,
WASSAILS, WAKES,
OF BRIDEGROOMS,
BRIDES, & OF THEIR
BRIDAL CAKES. I
WRITE OF YOUTH,
OF LOVE, & HAVE ACCESS
BY THESE, TO SING OF CLEAN-
LY WANTONNESS; I SING OF
DEWS, OF RAINS, AND, PIECE
BY PIECE, OF BALM, OF OIL,
OF SPICE, AND AMBERGRIS;
I SING OF TIMES TRANS-
SHIFTING; & I WRITE, HOW
ROSES FIRST CAME RED, AND
LILIES WHITE; I WRITE OF
GROVES, OF TWILIGHTS, AND
I SING, THE COURT OF MAB,
AND OF THE FAIRY KING.

Hesperides I write of Hell; I sing, and ever shall,
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

TO HIS MUSE.



HITHER, mad maiden, wilt
thou roam?
Far safer 'twere to stay at home;
Where thou mayst sit, & piping ple
The poor and private cottages,
Since cotes and hamlets best agree
With this thy meaner minstrelsy.
There with the reed thou mayst express
The shepherd's fleecy happiness;
And with thy Eclogues intermix
Some smooth and harmless bucolics.
There, on a hillock thou mayst sing
Unto a handsome shepherdling,
Or to a girl, that keeps the neat,
With breath more sweet than violet.
There, there, perhaps, such lines as these
May take the simple villages;
But for the court, the country wit
Is despicable unto it.
Stay then at home, and do not go,
Or fly abroad to seek for woe;
Contempts in courts and cities dwell;
No critic haunts the poor man's cell,
Where thou mayst hear thine own lines read,
By no one tongue there censured.
That man's unwise will search for ill,
And may prevent it, sitting still.

TO HIS BOOK.

Hesperides



WHILE thou didst keep thy candour undefiled
Dearly I lov'd thee, as my first-born child;
But when I saw thee wantonly to roam

From house to house, and never stay at home,
I brake my bonds of love and bade thee go,
Regardless whether well thou sped'st or no.
On with thy fortunes then, whate'er they be;
If good, I'll smile; if bad, I'll sigh for thee.

ANOTHER.

TO read my book, the virgin shy
May blush while Brutus standeth by;
But when he's gone, read through what's writ,
And never stain a cheek for it.

WHEN HE WOULD HAVE HIS
VERSES READ.



IN sober mornings do not thou rehearse
The holy incantation of a verse;
But when that men have both well drunk and fed,
Let my enchantments then be

sung or read.

When laurel spirts i'th' fire, and when the hearth
Smiles to itself and gilds the roof with mirth;

Hesperides When up the thyse is rais'd, and when the sound
Of sacred orgies flies, a round, a round;
When the rose reigns, & locks with ointments shine,
Let rigid Cato read these lines of mine.

UPON JULIA'S RECOVERY.



DROOP, droop no more, or hang
the head,
Ye roses almost withered;
Now strength and newer purple get,
Each here declining violet.
O primroses! let this day be
A resurrection unto ye;
And to all flowers ally'd in blood,
Or sworn to that sweet sisterhood:
For health on Julia's cheek hath shed
Claret and cream commingled;
And those her lips do now appear
As beams of coral, but more clear.

TO SILVIA TO WED.



FET us, though late, at last, my
Silvia, wed,
And loving lie in one devoted bed.
Thy watch may stand, my
minutes fly post haste;
No sound calls back the year that
once is past.
Then, sweetest Silvia, let's no longer stay;
True love we know, precipitates delay.

Away with doubts, all scruples hence remove;
No man at one time can be wise and love.

Hesperides

THE PARLIAMENT OF ROSES TO JULIA.



DREAMT the roses one time
went
To meet and sit in parliament;
The place for these, and for the
rest
Of flowers, was thy spotless

breast,
Over the which a state was drawn
Of tiffanie, or cobweb lawn;
Then in that parly all those powers
Voted the rose the queen of flowers;
But so, as that herself should be
The maid of honour unto thee.

THE FROZEN HEART.



FREEZE, I freeze, and nothing
dwells
In me but snow and icicles;
For pity's sake, give your advice
To melt this snow, and thaw this
ice.

I'll drink down flames; but if so be
Nothing but love can supple me,
I'll rather keep this frost and snow,
Than to be thaw'd or heated so.

Hesperides TO PERILLA.



H, my Perilla! dost thou grieve to see
Me, day by day, to steal away from thee
Age calls me hence, and my grey
hairs bid come,
And haste away to mine eternal home
'Twill not be long, Perilla, after this,
That I must give thee the supremest kiss:
Dead when I am, first cast in salt, and bring
Part of the cream from that religious spring,
With which, Perilla, wash my hands and feet;
That done, then wind me in that very sheet
Which wrapt thy smooth limbs when thou
didst implore
The gods' protection but the night before.
Follow me weeping to my turf, and there
Let fall a primrose, and with it a tear;
Then lastly, let some weekly strewings be
Devoted to the memory of me;
Then shall my ghost not walk about, but keep
Still in the cool and silent shades of sleep.

A SONG TO THE MASKERS.



COME down, and dance ye in the
toil
Of pleasures to a heat?
But if to moisture, let the oil
Of roses be your sweat.
Not only to yourselves assume
These sweets, but let them fly

From this to that, and so perfume
 E'en all the standers by;
 As goddess Isis, when she went
 Or glided through the street,
 Made all that touched her, with her scent,
 And whom she touched, turn sweet.

TO ANTHEA.

IF, dear Anthea, my hard fate it be
 To live some few sad hours after
 thee;
 Thy sacred corse with odours I
 will burn,
 And, with my laurel, crown thy
 golden urn.

Then holding up there such religious things
 As were, time past, thy holy filletings:
 Near to thy reverend pitcher I will fall
 Down dead for grief, and end my woes withal:
 So three in one small plat of ground shall lie,
 Anthea, Herrick, and his poetry.

THE WEEPING CHERRY.

ISAW a cherry weep, and why?
 Why wept it? But for shame,
 Because my Julia's lip was by,
 And did out-red the same.
 But, pretty fondling, let not
 fall
 A tear at all for that

Hesperides Which rubies, corals, scarlets, all,
For tincture, wonder at.

SOFT MUSIC.

THE mellow touch of music most doth wound
The soul when it doth rather sigh than sound.

LOVE, WHAT IT IS.

LOVE is a circle, that doth restless move
In the same sweet eternity of love.

THE CARCANET.



INSTEAD of Orient pearls of jet,
I sent my love a carcanet:
About her spotless neck she knit
The lace, to honour me or it:
Then think how wrapt was I
to see
My jet t'enthral such ivory.

HIS SAILING FROM JULIA.



WHEN that day comes, whose
evening says I'm gone
Unto that watery desolation,
Devoutly to thy closet gods then
pray,
That my wing'd ship may meet
no remora.
Those deities which circum-walk the seas,
And look upon our dreadful passages,

Will from all dangers re-deliver me
 For one drink-offering poured out by thee.
 Mercy and Truth live with thee! and forbear,
 In my short absence, to unsluice a tear;
 But yet, for love's sake, let thy lips do this,
 Give my dead picture one engendering kiss;
 Work that to life, and let me ever dwell
 In thy remembrance, Julia. So farewell.

HOW THE WALL-FLOWER CAME FIRST, AND WHY SO CALLED.

WHY this flower is now call'd so,
 List, sweet maids, and you shall
 know.
 Understand, this firstling was
 Once a brisk and bonny lass,
 Kept as close as Danae was;

Who a sprightly springall lov'd,
 And to have it fully prov'd,
 Up she got upon a wall,
 Tempting down to slide withal:
 But the silken twist untied,
 So she fell, and bruis'd, she died.
 Love, in pity of the deed,
 And her loving luckless speed,
 Turn'd her to this plant, we call
 Now the Flower of the Wall.

Hesperides WHY FLOWERS CHANGE COLOUR.



THESE fresh beauties, we can
prove,
Once were virgins sick of love,
Turned to flowers. Still in some
Colours go and colours
come.

TO HIS MISTRESS OBJECTING TO
HIM NEITHER TOYING NOR
TALKING.



YOU say I love not, 'cause I do not
play
Still with your curls and kiss the
time away.
You blame me, too, because I
can't devise

Some sport to please those babies in your eyes:
By Love's religion, I must here confess it,
The most I love, when I the least express it.
Small griefs find tongues: full casks are ever found
To give, if any, yet but little sound.
Deep waters noiseless are; and this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depth below.
So when Love speechless is, she doth express
A depth in love, and that depth bottomless.
Now since my love is tongueless, know me such
Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.

UPON THE LOSS OF HIS MIS- TRESSES.

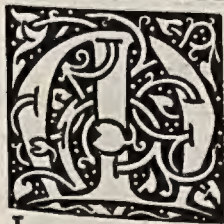
Hesperides



HAVE lost, and lately, these
Many dainty mistresses:
Stately Julia, prime of all;
Sappho next, a principal;
Smooth Anthea, for a skin
White & heaven-like crystalline;

Sweet Electra, and the choice
Myrrha, for the lute and voice.
Next Corinna, for her wit,
And the graceful use of it;
With Perilla: all are gone,
Only Herrick's left alone,
For to number sorrow by
Their departures hence, and die.

THE DREAM.



ETHOUGHT, last night, Love
in an anger came
And brought a rod, so whipt me
with the same;
Myrtle the twigs were, merely to
imply,

Love strikes, but 'tis with gentle cruelty.
Patient I was: Love pitiful grew then,
And strok'd the stripes, and I was whole again.
Thus, like a bee, love gentle still doth bring
Honey to salve where he before did sting.

Hesperides THE ROSARIE.



NE ask'd me where the roses
grew,
I bade him not go seek,
But forthwith bade my Julia
show
A bud in either cheek.

TO LOVE.



'M free from thee, and thou no
more shalt hear
My puling pipe to beat against
thine ear;
Farewell my shackles, though of
pearl they be,
Such precious thralldom ne'er shall fetter me.
He loves his bonds who, when the first are broke,
Submits his neck unto a second yoke.

LOVE'S PLAY AT PUSH-PIN.



OVE and myself, believe me, on a day,
At childish push-pin, for our sport,
did play;
I put, he pusht, & heedless of my skin,
Love prick'd my finger with a golden
pin;
Since which it festers so that I can prove
'Twas but a trick to poison me with love:
Little the wound was, greater was the smart;
The finger bled, but burnt was all my heart.

THE PARCÆ; OR, THREE DAINTY
DESTINIES. THE ARMILLET.

Hesperides



THREE lovely sisters working
were,
As they were closely set,
Of soft and dainty maiden-hair,
A curious Armillet.
I, smiling, asked them what

they did,
Fair destinies all three?
Who told me they had drawn a thread
Of life, and 'twas for me.
They show'd me then how fine 'twas spun:
And I reply'd thereto,
I care not now how soon 'tis done,
Or cut, if cut by you.

TO ROBIN REDBREAST.



L AID out for dead, let thy last
kindness be
With leaves and moss-work for
to cover me;
And while the wood-nymphs my
cold corse inter,

Sing thou my dirge, sweet-warbling chorister!
For epitaph, in foliage, next write this:
Here, here the tomb of Robin Herrick is!

Hesperides CHERRY RIPE.



HERRY-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones; come and buy.
If so be you ask me where
They do grow? I answer: There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile
There's the land, or cherry isle,
Whose plantations fully show
All the year, where cherries grow.

TO ANTHEA.



OW is the time when all the
lights wax dim;
And thou, Anthea, must with-
draw from him
Who was thy servant. Dearest,
bury me
Under that holyoak or gospeltree;
Where, though thou see'st not, thou may'st
think upon
Me, when thou yearly go'st procession;
Or, for mine honour, lay me in that tomb
In which thy sacred relics shall have room;
For my embalming, sweetest, there will be
No spices wanting, when I'm laid by thee.

THE VISION TO ELECTRA.



DREAM'D we both were in a
bed
Of roses, almost smothered;
The warmth and sweetness had
me there
Made lovingly familiar;

But that I heard thy sweet breath say,
Faults done by night will blush by day.
I kissed thee, panting, and I call
Night to the record! that was all.
But, ah! if empty dreams so please,
Love, give me more such nights as these.

UPON JULIA'S VOICE.

SO smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice,
As, could they hear, the damn'd would make no
noise,
But listen to thee, walking in thy chamber,
Melting melodious words to lutes of amber.

AGAIN.

WHEN I thy singing next shall hear,
I'll wish I might turn all to ear,
To drink in notes and numbers such
As blessed souls can't hear too much;
Then melted down, there let me lie
Entranc'd, and lost confusedly,
And by thy music stricken mute,
Die and be turn'd into a lute.

Hesperides ALL THINGS DECAY AND DIE.



ALL things decay with time: the
forest sees
The growth and downfall of her
aged trees;
That timber tall, which threescore
lustres stood

The proud dictator of the state-like wood,
I mean, the sovereign of all plants, the oak,
Droops, dies, & falls without the cleaver's stroke.

THE SUCCESSION OF THE FOUR
SWEET MONTHS.



FIRST, April, she with mellow
showers
Opens the way for early flowers;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet array;
Next enters June, & brings us more

Gems than those two that went before;
Then, lastly, July comes, and she
More wealth brings in than all those three.

TO ANTHEA.



AH, my Anthea! must my heart
still break?
Love makes me write, what shame
forbids to speak,
Give me a kiss, and to that kiss a
score;

Then to that twenty add a hundred more:
 A thousand to that hundred: so kiss on,
 To make that thousand up a million.
 Treble that million, and when that is done
 Let's kiss afresh, as when we first begun.
 But yet, though love likes well such scenes
 as these,
 There is an act that will more fully please:
 Kissing and glancing, soothing, all make way
 But to the acting of this private play:
 Name it I would; but, being blushing red,
 The rest I'll speak when we meet both in bed.

THE ROCK OF RUBIES, AND THE QUARRY OF PEARLS.



SOME ask'd me where the
 Rubies grew
 And nothing I did say;
 But with my finger pointed to
 The lips of Julia.
 Some ask'd how Pearls did grow,

and where;
 Then spoke I to my girl,
 To part her lips and show me there
 The quarelets of Pearl.

Hesperides UPON ROSES.



UNDER a lawn, than skies more
clear,
Some ruffled Roses nestling were :
And snugging there, they seem'd
to lie

As in a flowery nunnery :
They blush'd and look'd more fresh than flowers
Quickned of late by pearly showers ;
And all, because they were possest
But of the heat of Julia's breast,
Which, as a warm and moistned spring,
Gave them their ever-flourishing.

THE CHEAT OF CUPID; OR, THE
UNGENTLE GUEST.



ONE silent night of late,
When every creature rested,
Came one unto my gate,
And knocking, me molested.
Who's that, said I, beats there,
And troubles thus the sleepy ?
Cast off, said he, all fear,
And let not locks thus keep ye.

For I a boy am, who
By moonless nights have swerved ;
And all with showers wet through,
And e'en with cold half starved.

I pitiful arose,
And soon a taper lighted;
And did myself disclose
Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a bow,
And wings too, which did shiver;
And looking down below
I spy'd he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shine
Brought him, as Love professes,
And chafed his hands with mine,
And dry'd his dropping tresses.

But when he felt him warmed,
Let's try this bow of ours
And string, if they be harm'd,
Said he, with these late showers.

Forthwith his bow he bent,
And wedded string and arrow,
And struck me that it went
Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then, laughing loud, he flew
Away, and thus said flying,
Adieu, mine host, adieu,
I'll leave thy heart a-dying.

Hesperides DELIGHT IN DISORDER.



SWEET disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthrals a crimson stomacher;

A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility;
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

TO HIS MUSE.



HERE I to give thee baptism, I
would choose
To christen thee the Bride, the
Bashful Muse,
Or Muse of Roses; since that
name does fit

Best with those virgin verses thou hast writ;
Which are so clean, so chaste, as none may fear
Cato the Censor, should he scan each here.

UPON LOVE.

Hesperides



LOVE scorch'd my finger, but did
spare

The burning of my heart;
To signify in love my share
Should be a little part.
Little I love; but if that he

Would but that heat recall,
That joint to ashes should be burnt,
Ere I would love at all.

KISSING USURY.



LIANCHA, let
Me pay the debt
I owe thee for a kiss
Thou lent'st to me,
And I to thee
Will render ten for this.

If thou wilt say,
Ten will not pay
For that so rich a one;
I'll clear the sum,
If it will come
Unto a million.
By this I guess,
Of happiness,
Who has a little measure,
He must of right
To th' utmost mite
Make payment for his pleasure.

Hesperides TO JULIA.



OW rich and pleasing thou, my
Julia, art,
In each thy dainty and peculiar
part!
First, for thy queenship, on thy
head is set

Of flowers a sweet commingled coronet;
About thy neck a carcanet is bound,
Made of the ruby, pearl, and diamond;
A golden ring, that shines upon thy thumb;
About thy wrist the rich dardanium;
Between thy breasts, than down of swans more
white,
There plays the sapphire with the chrysolite.
No part besides must of thyself be known,
But by the topaz, opal, calcedon.

THE BAG OF THE BEE.



BOUT the sweet bag of a bee,
Two Cupids fell at odds;
And whose the pretty prize should
be,
They vow'd to ask the gods.
Which Venus hearing, thither
came,
And for their boldness stripp'd them,
And, taking thence from each his flame,
With rods of myrtle whipp'd them.
Which done, to still their wanton cries,

When quiet grown she'd seen them,
She kiss'd, and wip'd their dove-like eyes,
And gave the bag between them.

Hesperides

TO HIS MISTRESS.



WOOSE me your Valentine;
Next let us marry:
Love to the death will pine,
If we long tarry.
Promise and keep your vows,
Or vow ye never;

Love's doctrine disallows
Trotth-breakers ever.
You have broke promise twice,
Dear, to undo me;
If you prove faithless thrice,
None then will woo ye.

TO DIANEME.



D EAR, though to part it be a hell,
Yet, Dianeme, now farewell;
Thy frown last night did bid me go,
But whither, only grief does know.
I do beseech thee, ere we part,
If merciful as fair thou art,

Or else desir'st that maids should tell
Thy pity by love's chronicle,
O, Dianeme, rather kill
Me, than to make me languish still!
'Tis cruelty in thee to th' height,

Hesperides Thus, thus to wound, not kill outright;
Yet there's a way found, if thou please,
By sudden death, to give me ease;
And thus devis'd, do thou but this,
Bequeath to me one parting kiss:
So sup'rabundant joy shall be
The executioner of me.

TO ANTHEA LYING IN BED.



O looks Anthea when in bed she
lies
O'ercome or half betray'd by
tiffanies:
Like to a twilight, or that simper-
ing dawn
That roses show when misted o'er with lawn.
Twilight is yet, till that her lawns give way;
Which done, that dawn turns then to perfect day.

TO ELECTRA.



ORE white than whitest lilies far,
Or snow or whitest swans you are
More white than are the whitest
creams,
Or moonlight tinselling the
streams:
More white than pearls, or Juno's thigh,
Or Pelops' arm of ivory.
True, I confess, such whites as these
May me delight, not fully please;

Till like Ixion's cloud you be
White, warm, and soft to lie with me.

Hesperides

A COUNTRY LIFE: TO HIS BROTHER,
MR. THO. HERRICK.



PRICE, and above,
blest, my soul's half, art
thou,
In thy both last and
better vow.
Could'st leave the city,
for exchange, to see
The country's sweet
simplicity:
And it to know and

practise, with intent
To grow the sooner innocent
By studying to know virtue, and to aim
More at her nature than her name.
The last is but the least; the first doth tell
Ways less to live than to live well:
And both are known to thee, who now canst live,
Led by thy conscience, to give
Justice to soon-pleased nature; and to show
Wisdom and she together go,
And keep one centre: this with that conspires
To teach man to confine desires,
And know that riches have their proper stint
In the contented mind, not mint:
And canst instruct that those who have the itch

Hesperides Of craving more, are never rich.
These things thou know'st to th' height, and
dost prevent
That plague; because thou art content
With that heav'n gave thee with a wary hand
More blessed in thy brass than land
To keep cheap nature even and upright;
To cool, not cocker appetite.
Thus thou canst tersely live to satisfy
The belly chiefly; not the eye;
Keeping the barking stomach wisely quiet,
Less with a neat, than needful diet.
But that which most makes sweet thy country life,
Is the fruition of a wife:
Whom, stars consenting with thy fate, thou hast
Got not so beautiful as chaste:
By whose warm side thou dost securely sleep,
While love the sentinel doth keep,
With those deeds done by day, which ne'er affright
Thy silken slumbers in the night.
Nor has the darkness power to usher in
Fear to those sheets that know no sin;
But still thy wife, by chaste intentions led,
Gives thee each night a maidenhead.
The damask't meadows and the pebbly streams
Sweeten and make soft your dreams;
The purling springs, groves, birds, and well-
weav'd bowers,
With fields enamelled with flowers,
Present their shapes; while fantasy discloses

Millions of lilies mixt with roses.
Then dream ye hear the lamb by many a bleat
Woo'd to come suck the milky teat,
While Faunus in the vision comes to keep
From rav'ning wolves the fleecy sheep.
With thousand such enchanting dreams, that meet
To make sleep not so sound, as sweet:
Nor can these figures so thy rest endear,
As not to rise when chanticlere
Warns the last watch; but with the dawn dost rise
To work, but first to sacrifice;
Making thy peace with Heav'n for some late fault,
With holy-meal and spirting-salt;
Which done, thy painful thumb this sentence
tells us,
Jove for our labour all things sells us.
Nor are thy daily and devout affairs,
Attended with those desp'rate cares,
Th' industrious merchant has, who for to find
Gold, runneth to the Western Inde,
And back again, tortured with fears, doth fly,
Untaught to suffer poverty.
But thou at home, blest with securest ease,
Sitt'st, and believ'st that there be seas
And watery dangers, while thy whiter hap
But sees these things within thy map;
And viewing them with a more safe survey
Mak'st easy fear unto thee say,
A heart thrice wall'd with oak and brass, that man
Had, first durst plough the ocean.

Hesperides But thou at home, without or tide or gale,
Canst in thy map securely sail:
Seeing those painted countries; and so guess
By those fine shades their substances:
And, from thy compass taking small advice,
Buy'st travel at the lowest price.
Nor are thine ears so deaf but thou canst hear,
Far more with wonder than with fear,
Fame tell of states, of countries, courts, and kings,
And believe there be such things:
When of these truths thy happier knowledge lies
More in thine ears than in thine eyes.
And when thou hear'st by that too true report,
Vice rules the most, or all at court,
Thy pious wishes are, though thou not there,
Virtue had, and mov'd her sphere.
But thou liv'st fearless; and thy face ne'er shows
Fortune when she comes or goes,
But, with thy equal thoughts, prepar'd dost stand
To take her by the either hand;
Nor car'st which comes the first, the foul or fair.
A wise man every way lies square;
And like a surly oak with storms perplexed,
Grows still the stronger, strongly vexed.
Be so, bold spirit; stand centre-like unmov'd;
And be not only thought, but prov'd
To be what I report thee; and inure
Thyself, if want comes to endure:
And so thou dost; for thy desires are
Confin'd to live with private Lar,

Nor curious whether appetite be fed
Or with the first or second bread.
Who keep'st no proud mouth for delicious cates:
Hunger makes coarse meats delicates.
Canst, and unurg'd, forsake that larded fare,
Which art, not nature, makes so rare;
To taste boil'd nettles, colworts, beets, and eat
These, and sour herbs, as dainty meat?
While soft opinion makes thy genius say,
Content makes all ambrosia.
Nor is it that thou keep'st this stricter size
So much for want, as exercise;
To numb the sense of dearth, which, should sin
haste it,
Thou might'st but only see't, not taste it;
Yet can thy humble roof maintain a quire
Of singing crickets by thy fire;
And the brisk mouse may feast herself with
crumbs,
Till that the green-eyed kitling comes;
Then to her cabin, blest she can escape
The sudden danger of a rape.
And thus thy little well-kept stock doth prove,
Wealth cannot make a life, but love.
Nor art thou so close-handed, but canst spend
Counsel concurring with the end,
As well as spare; still conning o'er this theme,
To shun the first and last extreme;
Ordaining that thy small stock find no breach,
Or to exceed thy tether's reach,

Hesperides But to live round, and close, and wisely true
To thine own self, and known to few.
Thus let thy rural sanctuary be
Elizium to thy wife and thee;
There to disport yourselves with golden measure;
For seldom use commends the pleasure.
Live, and live blest, thrice happy pair; let breath,
But lost to one, be th' other's death.
And as there is one love, one faith, one troth,
Be so one death, one grave to both.
Till when, in such assurance live ye may
Nor fear or wish your dying day.

A LYRIC TO MIRTH.



A HILE the milder fates consent,
Let's enjoy our merriment;
Drink, and dance, and pipe, and play;
Kiss our dollies night and day;
Crowned with clusters of the vine,
Let us sit and quaff our wine;
Call on Bacchus, chant his praise,
Shake the thyrses and bite the bays;
Rouse Anacreon from the dead,
And return him drunk to bed;
Sing o'er Horace; for ere long
Death will come and mar the song;
Then shall Wilson and Gotiere
Never sing or play more here.

UPON JULIA'S RIBBON.

Hesperides

AS shows the air when with a rainbow grac'd,
So smiles that ribbon 'bout my Julia's waist;
Or like.... Nay, 'tis that zonulet of love,
Wherein all pleasures of the world are wove.

THE FROZEN ZONE; OR, JULIA DISDAINFUL.



W HITHER? Say, whither shall I fly,
To slack these flames wherein I fry?
To the treasures shall I go,
Of the rain, frost, hail, and snow?
Shall I search the underground,
Where all damps and mists are
found?

Shall I seek, for speedy ease,
All the floods and frozen seas?
Or descend into the deep,
Where eternal cold does keep?
These may cool; but there's a zone
Colder yet than any one;
That's my Julia's breast; where dwells
Such destructive icicles,
As that the congelation will
Me sooner starve, than those can kill.

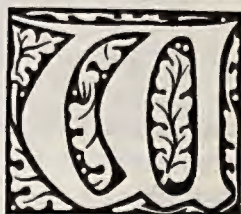
THE SADNESS OF THINGS FOR
SAPPHO'S SICKNESS.



LILIES will languish; violets
look ill;
Sickly the primrose; pale the
daffodil:
That gallant tulip will hang down
his head,

Like to a virgin newly ravished.
Pansies will weep, and marigolds will wither,
And keep a fast and funeral together;
If Sappho droop, daisies will open never,
But bid good-night, and close their lids for ever.

HIS PARTING FROM MRS. DOROTHY
KENEDAY.



WHEN I did go from thee, I felt
that smart
Which bodies do when souls from
them depart.
Thou didst not mind it, though
thou then might'st see

Me turn'd to tears; yet didst not weep for me.
'Tis true I kist thee, but I could not hear
Thee spend a sigh, t' accompany my tear.
Methought 'twas strange, that thou so hard
shouldst prove,
Whose heart, whose hand, whose every part
spake love.
Prithee, lest maids should censure thee, but say

Thou shed'st one tear whenas I went away;
And that will please me somewhat; though I
know,
And love will swear't, my dearest did not so.

Hesperides

THE TEAR SENT TO HER FROM STAINES.



HIDE, gentle streams, and bear
Along with you my tear
To that coy girl,
Who smiles, yet slays
Me with delays,
And strings my tears as pearl.

See! see, she's yonder set,
Making a carcanet
Of maiden-flowers!
There, there present
This orient
And pendant pearl of ours.

Then say I've sent one more
Gem to enrich her store;
And that is all
Which I can send,
Or vainly spend,
For tears no more will fall.

Nor will I seek supply
Of them, the springs once dry;

Hesperides But I'll devise,
Among the rest,
A way that's best,
How I may save mine eyes.

Yet say; should she condemn
Me to surrender them;
Then say; my part
Must be to weep
Out them, to keep
A poor, yet loving heart.

Say, too, she would have this;
She shall: then my hope is,
That when I'm poor,
And nothing have
To send or save;
I'm sure she'll ask no more.

UPON ONE LILY, WHO MARRIED
WITH A MAID CALLED ROSE.



WHAT times of sweetness this fair
day foreshows,
Whenas the Lily marries with
the Rose!
What next is lookt for, but we
all should see
To spring from these a sweet posterity?

AN EPITAPH UPON A CHILD.

Hesperides



MIRGINS promis'd when I died,
That they would each primrose-
tide,
Duly, morn and evening, come
And with flowers dress my tomb.
Having promis'd, pay your debts,
Maids, and here strew violets.

THE HOUR-GLASS.



HAT hour-glass which there you
see
With water fill'd, sirs, credit me,
The humour was, as I have read,
But lovers' tears incrystalled;
Which, as they drop by drop do pass
From th' upper to the under-glass,
Do in a trickling manner tell
By many a watery syllable
That lovers' tears in lifetime shed,
Do restless run when they are dead.

HIS FAREWELL TO SACK.



FAREWELL, thou thing, time
past so known, so dear
To me, as blood to life and spirit;
near,
Nay, thou more near than kindred,
friend, man, wife,
Male to the female, soul to body: life

Hesperides

To quick action, or the warm soft side
Of the resigning, yet resisting bride.
The kiss of virgins, first fruits of the bed,
Soft speech, smooth touch, the lips, the maidenhead
These, and a thousand sweets, could never be
So near or dear as thou wast once to me.
O thou the drink of gods and angels! wine
That scatter'st spirit and lust; whose purest shine,
More radiant than the summer's sunbeams shows,
Each way illustrious, brave; and like to those
Comets we see by night, whose shagg'd portents
Foretell the coming of some dire events;
Or some full flame, which with a pride aspires,
Throwing about his wild and active fires.
'Tis thou, above nectar, O divinest soul!
Eternal in thyself, that canst control
That which subverts whole nature, grief and care,
Vexation of the mind, and damn'd despair.
'Tis thou, alone, who with thy mystic fan,
Work'st more than wisdom, art, or nature can,
To rouse the sacred madness, and awake
The frost-bound blood and spirits; and to make
Them frantic with thy raptures, flashing through
The soul like lightning, and as active too.
'Tis not Apollo can, or those thrice three
Castalian sisters, sing, if wanting thee.
Horace, Anacreon, both had lost their fame,
Hadst thou not filled them with thy fire and flame,
Phœbean splendour! and thou, Thespian spring,
Of which, sweet swans must drink before they sing

Their true-pac'd numbers and their holy lays,
 Which makes them worthy cedar and the bays.
 But why? why longer do I gaze upon
 Thee with the eye of admiration?
 Since I must leave thee, and enforc'd must say,
 To all thy witching beauties, go, away!
 But if thy whimp'ring looks do ask me, why?
 Then know, that nature bids thee go, not I.
 'Tis her erroneous self has made a brain
 Uncapable of such a sovereign
 As is thy powerful self. Prithee not smile;
 Or smile more inly; lest thy looks beguile
 My vows denounc'd in zeal, which thus much
 show thee
 That I have sworn but by thy looks to know thee.
 Let others drink thee freely, and desire
 Thee and their lips espous'd, while I admire
 And love thee, but not taste thee. Let my muse
 Fail of thy former helps, and only use
 Her inadult'rate strength; what's done by me
 Hereafter, shall smell of the lamp, not thee.

UPON MRS. ELIZ. WHEELER, UNDER
THE NAME OF AMARILLIS.



SWEET Amarillis by a spring's
 Soft and soul-melting murmurings,
 Slept; and thus sleeping, thither flew
 A robin redbreast; who at view,
 Not seeing her at all to stir,
 Brought leaves & moss to cover her;

Hesperides But while he, perking, there did pry
About the arch of either eye,
The lid began to let out day,
At which poor robin flew away;
And seeing her not dead, but all disleav'd,
He chirped for joy to see himself deceiv'd.

TO MYRRHA, HARD-HEARTED.

 OLD now thine arms, and hang
the head
Like to a lily withered:
Next, look thou like a sickly moon,
Or like Jocasta in a swoon.
Then weep, and sigh, and softly go,
Like to a widow drown'd in woe;
Or like a virgin full of ruth
For the lost sweetheart of her youth:
And all because, fair maid, thou art
Insensible of all my smart,
And of those evil days that be
Now posting on to punish thee.
The gods are easy, and condemn
All such as are not soft like them.

THE EYE.

Hesperides



MAKE me a heaven, and make me
there
Many a less and greater sphere.
Make me the straight and oblique
lines,
The motions, latitudes, and the signs.

Make me a chariot and a sun,
And let them through a zodiac run;
Next, place me zones and tropics there,
With all the seasons of the year.
Make me a sunset and a night,
And then present the morning's light,
Cloth'd in her chamlets of delight.
To these, make clouds to pour down rain;
With weather foul, then fair again;
And when, wise artist, that thou hast,
With all that can be, this heaven grac't;
Ah! what is then this curious sky,
But only my Corinna's eye?

THE SUSPICION UPON HIS OVER- MUCH FAMILIARITY WITH A GENTLEWOMAN.



AND must we part, because some
say,
Loud is our love and loose our play,
And more than well becomes the
day?
Alas, for pity! and for us

Hesperides Most innocent, and injur'd thus.
Had we kept close, or play'd within,
Suspicion now had been the sin,
And shame had follow'd long ere this,
T'have plagu'd what now unpunisht is.
But we, as fearless of the sun,
As faultless; will not wish undone
What now is done; since, where no sin
Unbolts the door, no shame comes in.
Then, comely and most fragrant maid,
Be you more wary than afraid
Of these reports; because you see
The fairest most suspected be.
The common forms have no one eye
Or ear of burning jealousy
To follow them; but chiefly where
Love makes the cheek and chin a sphere
To dance and play in; trust me, there
Suspicion questions every hair.
Come, you are fair, and should be seen
While you are in your sprightful green:
And what though you had been embrac't
By me, were you for that unchaste?
No, no! no more than is yond' moon,
Which, shining in her perfect noon,
In all that great and glorious light,
Continues cold as is the night.
Then, beauteous maid, you may retire;
And as for me, my chaste desire
Shall move towards you, although I see

Your face no more: so live you free
From Fame's black lips, as you from me.

Hesperides

THE CURSE. A SONG.



O, perjur'd man; and if thou e'er
return

To see the small remainders in
mine urn,

When thou shalt laugh at my
religious dust,

And ask: Where's now the colour, form, and trust
Of woman's beauty? and with hand more rude
Rifle the flowers which the virgins strew'd;
Know, I have prayed to Fury that some wind
May blow my ashes up, and strike thee blind.

THE WOUNDED CUPID. SONG.



UPID, as he lay among

Roses, by a bee was stung;

Whereupon in anger flying

To his mother, said, thus crying:

Help! O help! your boy's a-
dying.

And why, my pretty lad? said she.

Then blubbering, replyed he,

A winged snake has bitten me,

Which country people call a bee.

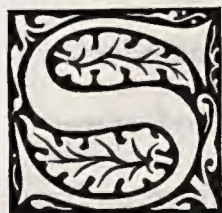
At which she smiled; then with her hairs

And kisses, drying up his tears,

Alas! said she, my wag! if this

Hesperides Such a pernicious torment is,
Come tell me then, how great's the smart
Of those thou woundest with thy dart!

THE VISION.



SITTING alone, as one forsook,
Close by a silver-shedding brook,
With hands held up to love, I wept,
And after sorrows spent, I slept.
Then in a vision I did see
A glorious form appear to me:
A virgin's face she had; her dress
Was like a sprightly Spartaness.
A silver bow, with green silk strung,
Down from her comely shoulders hung;
And as she stood, the wanton air
Dandled the ringlets of her hair.
Her legs were such Diana shows,
When, tuckt up, she a-hunting goes;
With buskins shortened to descry
The happy dawning of her thigh:
Which, when I saw, I made access
To kiss that tempting nakedness;
But she forbade me, with a wand
Of myrtle she had in her hand:
And chiding me, said: Hence, remove,
Herrick, thou art too coarse to love.

UPON A VIRGIN KISSING A ROSE.

Hesperides

'T WAS but a single rose,
Till you on it did breathe;
But since, methinks, it shows
Not so much rose as wreath.

DISSUASIONS FROM IDLENESS.



YNTHIUS pluck ye by the ear,
That ye may good doctrine hear.
Play not with the maiden-hair,
For each ringlet there's a snare.
Cheek and eye, and lip and chin,
These are traps to take fools in;
Arms and hands, and all parts else,
Are but toils, or manacles
Set on purpose to enthrall
Men, but slothfuls most of all.
Live employ'd, and so live free
From these fetters; like to me,
Who have found, and still can prove,
The lazy man the most doth love.

Hesperides AN EPITHALAMIE TO SIR THOMAS
SOUTHWELL AND HIS LADY.



OW, now's the time, so
oft by truth
Promis'd should come to
crown your youth.
Then, fair ones, do not
wrong
Your joys by staying long;
Or let love's fire go out,
By lingering thus in doubt;
But learn, that time once lost,

Is ne'er redeem'd by cost.
Then away; come, Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashful bride.

Is it, sweet maid, your fault these holy
Bridal rites go on so slowly?
Dear, is it this you dread,
The loss of maidenhead?
Believe me, you will most
Esteem it when 'tis lost;
Then it no longer keep,
Lest issue lie asleep.
Then away; come, Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashful bride.

These precious, pearly, purling tears,
But spring from ceremonious fears.
And 'tis but native shame

That hides the loving flame,
And may a while control
The soft and am'rous soul;
But yet love's fire will waste
Such bashfulness at last.
Then away; come, Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashful bride.

Night now hath watch'd herself half blind,
Yet not a maidenhead resign'd!
'Tis strange, ye will not fly
To love's sweet mystery.
Might yon full moon the sweets
Have, promis'd to your sheets,
She soon would leave her sphere,
To be admitted there.
Then away; come, Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashful bride.

On, on devoutly, make no stay,
While Domiduca leads the way;
And Genius, who attends
The bed for lucky ends:
With Juno goes the Hours,
And Graces strewing flowers.
And the boys with sweet tunes sing:
Hymen! O Hymen! bring
Home the turtles; Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashful bride.

Hesperides Behold! how Hymen's taper-light
Shows you how much is spent of night.
See, see the bridegroom's torch
Half wasted in the porch;
And now those tapers five
That show the womb shall thrive,
Their silv'ry flames advance,
To tell all prosp'rous chance
Still shall crown the happy life
Of the goodman and the wife.

Move forward then your rosy feet,
And make, whate'er they touch, turn sweet.
May all like flowery meads
Smell, where your soft foot treads;
And everything assume
To it the like perfume;
As Zephyrus, when he'spires
Through woodbine and sweetbriars.
Then away; come, Hymen, guide
To the bed the bashful bride.

And now the yellow veil, at last,
Over her fragrant cheek is cast.
Now seems she to express
A bashful willingness:
Showing a heart consenting;
As with a will repenting.
Then gently lead her on
With wise suspicion;

For that, matrons say, a measure
Of that passion sweetens pleasure.

You, you that be of her nearest kin,
Now o'er the threshold force her in.
But to avert the worst,
Let her her fillets first
Knit to the posts; this point
Remembering, to anoint
The sides; for 'tis a charm
Strong against future harm;
And the evil deads, the which
There was hidden by the witch.

O Venus! thou, to whom is known
The best way how to loose the zone
Of virgins! tell the maid
She need not be afraid;
And bid the youth apply
Close kisses if she cry;
And charge he not forbears
Her, though she woo with tears.
Tell them now they must adventure,
Since that love and night bid enter.

No fatal owl the bedstead keeps,
With direful notes to fright your sleeps;
No furies, here about,
To put the tapers out,
Watch, or did make the bed:

Hesperides 'Tis omen full of dread:
But all fair signs appear
Within the chamber here.
Juno here, far off, doth stand,
Cooling sleep with charming wand.

Virgins, weep not; 'twill come, when,
As she, so you'll be ripe for men.
Then grieve her not with saying
She must no more a-maying,
Or by rosebuds divine
Who'll be her valentine.
Nor name those wanton reaks
You've had at barley-breaks,
But now kiss her, and thus say,
Take time, lady, while ye may.

Now bar the doors; the bridegroom puts
The eager boys to gather nuts.
And now both love and time
To their full height do climb:
Oh! give them active heat
And moisture, both complete:
Fit organs for increase,
To keep, and to release
That, which may be the honour'd stem
Circle with a diadem.

And now behold! the bed or couch
That ne'er knew bride's or bridegroom's touch,

Feels in itself a fire;
And, tickled with desire,
Pants with a downy breast,
As with a heart possest,
Shrugging as it did move
Ev'n with the soul of love.
And, oh! had it but a tongue,
Doves, 'twould say, ye bill too long.

O enter then! but see ye shun
A sleep, until the act be done.
Let kisses, in their close,
Breathe as the damask rose:
Or sweet as is that gum
Doth from Panchaia come.
Teach nature now to know
Lips can make cherries grow
Sooner than she ever yet
In her wisdom could beget.

On your minutes, hours, days, months, years,
Drop the fat blessing of the spheres.
That good, which heav'n can give
To make you bravely live,
Fall, like a spangling dew,
By day and night on you.
May fortune's lily hand
Open at your command,
With all lucky birds to side
With the bridegroom and the bride.

Hesperides Let bounteous Fates your spindles full
Fill, and wind up with whitest wool.
Let them not cut the thread
Of life until ye bid.
May death yet come at last,
And not with desp'rate haste;
But when ye both can say,
Come, let us now away.
Be ye to the barn then borne,
Two, like two ripe shocks of corn.

TO ELECTRA.



LL come to thee in all those
shapes
As Jove did when he made his
rapes:
Only I'll not appear to thee
As he once did to Semele.
Thunder and lightning I'll lay by
To talk with thee familiarly.
Which done, then quickly we'll undress
To one and th' other's nakedness.
And, ravisht, plunge into the bed,
Bodies and souls commingled,
And kissing, so as none may hear,
We'll weary all the fables there.

HIS PROTESTATION TO PERILLA.

Hesperides



NOONDAY and midnight shall
at once be seen;
Trees, at one time, shall be both
sere and green;
Fire and water shall together lie
In one self-sweet-conspiring

sympathy;

Summer and winter shall at one time show
Ripe ears of corn, and up to th' ears in snow;
Seas shall be sandless; fields devoid of grass;
Shapeless the world, as when all chaos was,
Before, my dear Perilla, I will be
False to my vow, or fall away from thee.

TEARS ARE TONGUES.



WHEN Julia chid, I stood as mute
the while
As is the fish, or tongueless
crocodile.
Air coyn'd to words, my Julia
could not hear;

But she could see each eye to stamp a tear:
By which my angry mistress might descry,
Tears are the noble language of the eye.
And when true love of words is destitute,
The eyes by tears speak, while the tongue
is mute.

Hesperides TO JULIA.



ERMIT me, Julia, now to go away,
Or by thy love decree me here to stay.
If thou wilt say that I shall live with
thee,
Here shall my endless tabernacle be;
If not, as banish'd, I will live alone
There, where no language ever yet was known.

THE CRUEL MAID.



AND, cruel maid, because I see
You scornful of my love and me;
I'll trouble you no more; but go
My way, where you shall never
know
What is become of me; there I
Will find me out a path to die,
Or learn some way how to forget
You and your name for ever: yet
Ere I go hence, know this from me,
What will, in time, your fortune be;
This to your coyness I will tell,
And having spoke it once, farewell.
The lily will not long endure,
Nor the snow continue pure;
The rose, the violet, one day
See both these lady-flowers decay;
And you must fade as well as they.
And it may chance that love may turn,
And, like to mine, make your heart burn

And weep to see't; yet this thing do,
 That my last vow commends to you:
 When you shall see that I am dead,
 For pity let a tear be shed;
 And, with your mantle o'er me cast,
 Give my cold lips a kiss at last;
 If twice you kiss, you need not fear,
 That I shall stir or live more here.
 Next, hollow out a tomb to cover
 Me; me, the most despised lover;
 And write thereon, This, reader, know,
 Love kill'd this man. No more, but so.

TO DIANEME.



WEET, be not proud of those
 two eyes,
 Which, star-like, sparkle in their
 skies;
 Nor be you proud that you can see
 All hearts your captives; yours yet

free:

Be you not proud of that rich hair,
 Which wantons with the love-sick air;
 Whenas that ruby which you wear,
 Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
 Will last to be a precious stone,
 When all your world of beauty's gone.

Hesperides HIS MISERY IN A MISTRESS.



ATER, water I espy;
Come and cool ye, all who fry
In your loves, but none as I.
Though a thousand showers be
Still a-falling, yet I see
Not one drop to light on me.

Happy you, who can have seas
For to quench ye, or some ease
From your kinder mistresses.

I have one, and she alone,
Of a thousand thousand known,
Dead to all compassion.

Such an one as will repeat
Both the cause and make the heat
More by provocation great.

Gentle friends, though I despair
Of my cure, do you beware
Of those girls which cruel are.

UPON CUPID.



OVE like a gipsy, lately came,
And did me much importune
To see my hand, that by the same
He might foretell my fortune.
He saw my palm; and then, said he:
I tell thee, by this score here,

That thou, within few months, shalt be
The youthful Prince D'Amour here.

I smiled, and bade him once more prove,
And by some cross-line show it,
That I could ne'er be Prince of Love,
Though here the princely poet.

UPON A BLACK TWIST, ROUNDING
THE ARM OF THE COUNTESS OF
CARLISLE.

I SAW about her spotless wrist,
Of blackest silk a curious twist,
Which, circumvolving gently
there,
Enthrall'd her arm as prisoner.
Dark was the jail, but as if light
Had met t' engender with the night;
Or so, as darkness made a stay
To show at once both night and day.
One fancy more! but if there be
Such freedom in captivity,
I beg of love that ever I
May in like chains of darkness lie.

Hesperides A RING PRESENTED TO JULIA.



JULIA, I bring
To thee this ring,
Made for thy finger fit;
To show by this,
That our love is,
Or should be, like to it.

Close though it be,
The joint is free;
So when love's yoke is on,
It must not gall,
Or fret at all
With hard oppression.

But it must play
Still either way,
And be, too, such a yoke,
As not too wide,
To over-slide,
Or be so strait to choke.

So we, who bear
This beam, must rear
Ourselves to such a height,
As that the stay
Of either may
Create the burden light.

And as this round
Is nowhere found

To flaw, or else to sever;
So let our love
As endless prove,
And pure as gold for ever.

Hesperides

TO MUSIC.



EGIN to charm, and as thou
strok'st mine ears
With thy enchantment, melt me
into tears;
Then let thy active hand scud o'er
thy lyre,

And make my spirits frantic with the fire.
That done, sink down into a silvery strain,
And make me smooth as balm and oil again.

CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING.



ET up, get up for shame,
the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents
the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws
her fair
Fresh-quilted colours
through the air;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed,
and see

The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since; yet you not drest,

Hesperides Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns; 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh & green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you;
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept:
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying;
Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green, and trimm'd with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatcht their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream:
And some have wept, & woo'd and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth;
Many a green gown has been given,
Many a kiss, both odd and even,
Many a glance too has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the key's betraying
This night, and locks pickt, yet we're not a-
Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime;
And take the harmless folly of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun:
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain

Hesperides Once lost, can ne'er be found again;
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT HORACE
AND LYDIA, TRANSLATED ANNO
1627, AND SET BY MR. R. RAMSAY.

Hor.

WHILE, Lydia, I was lov'd of
thee,
Nor any was preferr'd 'fore me
To hug thy whitest neck; than I,
The Persian King lived not more
happily.

Lyd. While thou no other didst affect,
Nor Chloe was of more respect;
Then Lydia, far-famed Lydia,
I flourish more than Roman Ilia.

Hor. Now Thracian Chloe governs me,
Skilful i' th' harp and melody;
For whose affection, Lydia, I,
So fate spares her, am well content to die.

Lyd. My heart now set on fire is

By Ornithes' son, young Calais;
For whose commutual flames here I,
To save his life, twice am content to die.

Hesperides

Hor. Say our first loves we should revoke,
And, sever'd, join in brazen yoke;
Admit I Chloe put away,
And love again love-cast-off Lydia?

Lyd. Though mine be brighter than the star;
Thou lighter than the cork by far:
Rough as the Adriatic sea, yet I
Will live with thee, or else for thee will die.

THE CAPTIVED BEE; OR, THE LITTLE FILCHER.

 Julia once a-slumbering lay,
It chanc't a bee did fly that way,
After a dew, or dew-like shower,
To tipple freely in a flower;
For some rich flower he took the lip
Of Julia, and began to sip;
But when he felt he sucked from thence
Honey, and in the quintessence:
He drank so much he scarce could stir:
So Julia took the pilferer.
And thus surpris'd, as filchers use,
He thus began himself t'excuse:
Sweet Lady-flower, I never brought
Hither the least one thieving thought;

Hesperides But taking those rare lips of yours
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers,
I thought I might there take a taste,
Where so much sirup ran at waste.
Besides, know this, I never sting
The flower that gives me nourishing;
But with a kiss, or thanks, do pay
For honey that I bear away.
This said, he laid his little scrip
Of honey 'fore her ladyship:
And told her, as some tears did fall,
That that he took, and that was all.
At which she smil'd, and bade him go
And take his bag; but thus much know,
When next he came a-pilf'ring so,
He should from her full lips derive
Honey enough to fill his hive.

THE OLIVE BRANCH.



ADLY I walk'd within the field,
To see what comfort it would yield,
And as I went my private way,
An olive branch before me lay;
And seeing it, I made a stay,
And took it up, and view'd it; then
Kissing the omen, said Amen:
Be, be it so, and let this be
A divination unto me;
That in short time my woes shall cease,
And love shall crown my end with peace.

TO CHERRY BLOSSOMS.

Hesperides



YE may simper, blush, and smile,
And perfume the air awhile;
But sweet things, ye must be gone;
Fruit, ye know, is coming on:
Then, ah! then where is your grace,
Whenas cherries come in place?

HOW LILIES CAME WHITE.



WHITE though ye be, yet, lilies,
know,
From the first ye were not so;
But I'll tell ye
What befell ye.
Cupid and his mother lay

In a cloud; while both did play,
He with his pretty finger prest
The ruby niplet of her breast;
Out of the which, the cream of light,
Like to a dew,
Fell down on you,
And made ye white.

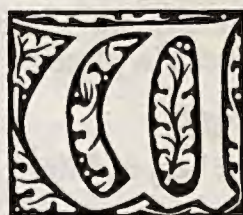
TO PANSIES.



H, cruel love! must I endure
Thy many scorns, and find no
cure?
Say, are thy medicines made to be
Helps to all others but to me?
I'll leave thee, and to Pansies come;

Hesperides Comforts you'll afford me some:
You can ease my heart, and do
What love could ne'er be brought unto.

ON GILLY-FLOWERS BEGOTTEN.



WHAT was't that fell but now
From that warm kiss of ours?
Look, look, by love I vow
They were two gilly-flowers.
Let's kiss, and kiss again;
For if so be our closes

Make gilly-flowers, then
I'm sure they'll fashion roses.

THE LILY IN A CRYSTAL.



YOU have beheld a smiling rose
When virgin's hands have drawn
O'er it a cobweb-lawn;
And here, you see, this lily shows,
Tomb'd in a crystal stone,
More fair in this transparent case
Than when it grew alone,
And had but single grace.

You see how cream but naked is,
Nor dances in the eye
Without a strawberry;
Or some fine tincture, like to this,
Which draws the sight thereto,
More by that wantoning with it

Than when the paler hue
No mixture did admit.

Hesperides

You see how amber through the streams
More gently strokes the sight
With some conceal'd delight,
Than when he darts his radiant beams
Into the boundless air;
Where either too much light his worth
Doth all at once impair,
Or set it little forth.

Put purple grapes or cherries in
To glass, and they will send
More beauty to commend
Them, from that clean and subtile skin,
Than if they naked stood,
And had no other pride at all
But their own flesh and blood,
And tinctures natural.

Thus lily, rose, grape, cherry, cream,
And strawberry do stir
More love, when they transfer
A weak, a soft, a broken beam,
Than if they should discover
At full their proper excellence,
Without some scene cast over,
To juggle with the sense.

Hesperides Thus let this crystall'd lily be
A rule, how far to teach,
Your nakedness must reach,
And that no further than we see
Those glaring colours laid
By art's wise hand, but to this end
They should obey a shade,
Lest they too far extend.

So though you're white as swan or snow,
And have the power to move
A world of men to love:
Yet, when your lawns and silks shall flow,
And that white cloud divide
Into a doubtful twilight; then,
Then will your hidden pride
Raise greater fires in men.

THE WELCOME TO SACK.



O soft streams meet, so
springs with gladder smiles
Meet after long divorce-
ment by the isles;
When love, the child of
likeness, urgeth on
Their crystal natures to
an union.
So meet stolen kisses,
when the moony nights
Call forth fierce lovers to their wisht delights;

So kings and queens meet, when desire convinces **Hesperides**
All thoughts but such as aim at getting princes,
As I meet thee. Soul of my life and fame!
Eternal lamp of love! whose radiant flame
Outglares the heavens' Osiris; and thy gleams
Outshine the splendour of his midday beams;
Welcome, O welcome, my illustrious spouse;
Welcome as are the ends unto my vows.
Ay, far more welcome than the happy soil
The sea-scourg'd merchant, after all his toil,
Salutes with tears of joy; when fires betray
The smoky chimneys of his Ithaca.
Where hast thou been so long from my embraces,
Poor pitied exile? Tell me, did thy graces
Fly discontented hence, and for a time
Did rather choose to bless another clime?
Or went'st thou to this end, the more to move me
By thy short absence to desire and love thee?
Why frowns my sweet? Why won't my saint confer
Favours on me, her fierce idolater?
Why are those looks, those looks the which have been
Time past so fragrant, sickly now drawn in
Like a dull twilight? Tell me; and the fault
I'll expiate with sulphur, hair, and salt:
And with the crystal humour of the spring,
Purge hence the guilt, and kill this quarrelling.
Wilt thou not smile, or tell me what's amiss?
Have I been cold to hug thee, too remiss,
Too temp'rate in embracing? Tell me, has desire
To thee-ward died i'th' embers, and no fire

Hesperides Left in this rak'd-up ash-heap, as a mark
To testify the glowing of a spark?
Have I divorc'd thee only to combine
In hot adult'ry with another wine?
True, I confess I left thee, and appeal
'Twas done by me, more to confirm my zeal,
And double my affection on thee; as do those
Whose love grows more inflamed by being foes.
But to forsake thee ever, could there be
A thought of such like possibility?
When thou thyself dar'st say, thy isles shall lack
Grapes, before Herrick leaves canary sack.
Thou mak'st me airy, active to be borne,
Like Iphycus, upon the tops of corn.
Thou mak'st me nimble, as the winged hours,
To dance and caper on the heads of flowers,
And ride the sunbeams. Can there be a thing
Under the heavenly Isis, that can bring
More love unto my life, or can present
My genius with a fuller blandishment?
Illustrious Idol! could the Egyptians seek
Help from the garlic, onion, and the leek,
And pay no vows to thee, who wast their best
God, and far more transcendent than the rest?
Had Cassius, that weak water-drinker, known
Thee in thy vine, or had but tasted one
Small chalice of thy frantic liquor, he,
As the wise Cato, had approved of thee.
Had not Jove's son, that brave Tyrrinthian swain,
Invited to the Thesbian banquet, ta'en

Full goblets of thy generous blood, his sprite
Ne'er had kept heat for fifty maids that night.
Come, come and kiss me; love & lust commends
Thee and thy beauties; kiss, we will be friends
Too strong for fate to break us. Look upon
Me with that full pride of complexion
As queens meet queens; or come thou unto me,
As Cleopatra came to Antony,
When her high carriage did at once present
To the Triumvir love and wonderment.
Swell up my nerves with spirit; let my blood
Run through my veins like to a hasty flood.
Fill each part full of fire, active to do
What thy commanding soul shall put it to;
And till I turn apostate to thy love,
Which here I vow to serve, do not remove
Thy fires from me; but Apollo's curse
Blast these-like actions, or a thing that's worse;
When these circumstants shall but live to see
The time that I prevaricate from thee,
Call me the Son of Beer, and then confine
Me to the tap, the toast, the turf; let wine
Ne'er shine upon me, may my numbers all
Run to a sudden death and funeral.
And last, when thee, dear spouse, I disavow,
Ne'er may prophetic Daphne crown my brow.

Hesperides IMPOSSIBILITIES TO HIS FRIEND.



Y faithful friend, if you can see
The fruit to grow up, or the tree;
If you can see the colour come
Into the blushing pear or plum;
If you can see the water grow
To cakes of ice, or flakes of snow;
If you can see that drop of rain,
Lost in the wild sea, once again;
If you can see how dreams do creep
Into the brain by easy sleep:
Then there is hope that you may see
Her love me once, who now hates me.

TO LIVE MERRILY, AND TO TRUST
TO GOOD VERSES.



NOW is the time for mirth,
Nor cheek or tongue be dumb;
For the flow'ry earth,
The golden pomp is come.
The golden pomp is come;
For now each tree does wear,
Made of her pap and gum,
Rich beads of amber here.

Now reigns the Rose, and now
Th' Arabian dew besmears
My uncontrolled brow,
And my retorted hairs.

Homer, this health to thee,
In sack of such a kind,
That it would make thee see,
Though thou wert ne'er so blind.

Next, Virgil I'll call forth,
To pledge this second health
In wine whose each cup's worth
An Indian commonwealth.

A goblet next I'll drink
To Ovid; and suppose,
Made he the pledge, he'd think
The world had all one nose.

Then this immensive cup
Of aromatic wine,
Catullus, I quaff up
To that terse muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat,
O Bacchus! cool thy rays!
Or frantic I shall eat
Thy thyrses, and bite the bays.

Round, round, the roof does run;
And being ravish'd thus,
Come, I will drink a tun
To my Propertius.

Hesperides Now, to Tibullus, next,
This flood I drink to thee;
But stay, I see a text,
That this presents to me.

Behold! Tibullus lies
Here burnt, whose small return
Of ashes, scarce suffice
To fill a little urn.

Trust to good verses then;
They only will aspire,
When pyramids, as men,
Are lost i'th' funeral fire,

And when all bodies meet
In Lethe, to be drown'd;
Then only numbers sweet,
With endless life are crown'd.

LIPS TONGUELESS.

 OR my part, I never care
For those lips that tongue-tied
are:
Tell tales I would have them be
Of my mistress and of me.
Let them prattle how that I
Sometimes freeze and sometimes fry;
Let them tell how she doth move
Fore or backward in her love;

Let them speak by gentle tones,
 One and th' other's passions:
 How we watch, and seldom sleep;
 How by willows we do weep;
 How by stealth we meet, and then
 Kiss, and sigh, so part again.
 This the lips we will permit
 For to tell, not publish it.

TO VIOLETS.



WELCOME, maids of honour,
 You do bring
 In the spring;
 And wait upon her.
 She has virgins many,
 Fresh and fair;

Yet you are
 More sweet than any.

You're the maiden posies,
 And so grac'd,
 To be plac'd,
 'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,
 By and by
 Ye do lie,
 Poor girls, neglected.

Hesperides TO CARNATIONS. A SONG.



STAY while ye will, or go,
And leave no scent behind ye:
Yet, trust me, I shall know
The place where I may find ye.
Within my Lucia's cheek,
Whose livery ye wear,
Play ye at hide or seek,
I'm sure to find ye there.

TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH
OF TIME.



ATHER ye rosebuds while ye
may,
Old time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles
to day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,

And while ye may, go marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

Hesperides

TO HIS FRIEND ON THE UN- TUNEABLE TIMES.



LAY I could once; but, gentle
friend, you see
My harp hung up here on the
willow tree.
Sing I could once; and bravely
too inspire,

With luscious numbers, my melodious lyre.
Draw I could once, although not stocks or stones,
Amphion-like, men made of flesh and bones,
Whither I would; but, ah! I know not how
I feel in me this transmutation now.
Grief, my dear friend, has first my harp unstrung,
Wither'd my hand, and palsy-struck my tongue.

HIS POETRY HIS PILLAR.



NLY a little more
I have to write,
Then I'll give o'er,
And bid the world Good-night.
'Tis but a flying minute
That I must stay,

Or linger in it;
And then I must away.

Hesperides O Time, that cut'st down all,
And scarce leav'st here
Memorial
Of any men that were.

How many lie forgot
In vaults beneath,
And piecemeal rot
Without a fame in death!

Behold this living stone
I rear for me,
Ne'er to be thrown
Down, envious Time, by thee.

Pillars let some set up,
If so they please,
Here is my hope,
And my Pyramides.

TO THE LARK.



GOOD speed, for I this day
Betimes my matins say;
Because I do
Begin to woo.
Sweet singing lark,
Be thou the clark,
And know thy when
To say, Amen.
And if I prove

Blest in my love,
 Then thou shalt be
 High-priest to me,
 At my return,
 To incense burn;
 And so to solemnize
 Love's and my sacrifice.

A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESS.



YOU are a tulip seen to-day,
 But, dearest, of so short a stay,
 That where you grew, scarce man
 can say.

You are a lovely July-flower,
 Yet one rude wind, or ruffling

shower,

Will force you hence, and in an hour.

You are a sparkling rose i'th' bud,
 Yet lost, ere that chaste flesh and blood
 Can show where you or grew or stood.

You are a full-spread, fair-set vine,
 And can with tendrils love entwine,
 Yet dried, ere you distil your wine.

You are like balm, inclosed well
 In amber, or some crystal shell,
 Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell.

Hesperides You are a dainty violet,
Yet wither'd, ere you can be set
Within the virgin's coronet.

You are the queen all flowers among,
But die you must, fair maid, ere long,
As he, the maker of this song.

THE BLEEDING HAND; OR, THE
SPRIG OF EGLANTINE GIVEN TO
A MAID.



FROM this bleeding hand of mine,
Take this sprig of eglantine.
Which, though sweet unto your
smell,
Yet the fretful briar will tell,
He who plucks the sweets shall
prove
Many thorns to be in love.

LYRIC FOR LEGACIES.



OLD I've none, for use or show,
Neither silver to bestow
At my death; but thus much know,
That each lyric here shall be
Of my love a legacy,
Left to all posterity.
Gentle friends, then do but please
To accept such coins as these,
As my last remembrances.

THE FAIR TEMPLE; OR, OBERON'S CHAPEL. DEDICATED TO MR. JOHN MERRIFIELD, COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW. Hesperides



ARE temples thou hast seen, I know,
And rich for in and outward show;
Survey this chapel, built, alone,
Without or lime, or wood or stone,
Then say, if one thou'st seen more

fine

Than this, the fairies' once, now thine.

THE TEMPLE.



WAY enchased with glass and beads
There is, that to the chapel leads,
Whose structure, for his holy rest,
Is here the Halcyon's curious nest;
Into the which who looks, shall see

His temple of idolatry:

Where he of godheads has such store,
As Rome's Pantheon had not more.
His house of Rimmon, this he calls,
Girt with small bones, instead of walls.
First, in a niche, more black than jet,

Hesperides His idol-cricket there is set;
Then in a polished oval by,
There stands his idol beetle-fly;
Next, in an arch, akin to this,
His idol-canker seated is:
Then in a round, is placed by these
His golden god, Cantharides.
So that where'er ye look, ye see
No capital, no cornice free,
Or frieze, from this fine frippery.
Now, this the fairies would have known,
Theirs is a mixt religion:
And some have heard the elves it call
Part pagan, part papistical.
If unto me all tongues were granted,
I could not speak the saints here painted.
Saint Tit, Saint Nit, Saint Is, Saint Itis,
Who 'gainst Mab's state placed here right is.
Saint Will o'th' Wisp, of no great bigness,
But alias called here fatuus ignis.
Saint Frip, Saint Trip, Saint Fill, Saint Fillie,
Neither those other saintships will I
Here go about for to recite
Their number, almost infinite,
Which, one by one, here set down are
In this most curious calendar.
First, at the entrance of the gate,
A little puppet-priest doth wait,
Who squeaks to all the comers there:
Favour your tongues, who enter here.

Pure hands bring hither, without stain.
A second pules, Hence, hence, profane.
Hard by, i'th' shell of half a nut,
The holy-water there is put;
A little brush of squirrels' hairs,
Compos'd of odd, not even pairs,
Stands in the platter, or close by,
To purge the fairy family.
Near to the altar stands the priest,
There off'ring up the Holy Grist;
Ducking in mood and perfect tense,
With, much good do't him, reverence.
The altar is not here four-square,
Nor in a form triangular;
Nor made of glass, or wood, or stone,
But of a little transverse bone
Which boys and bruckel'd children call,
Playing for points and pins, cockall.
Whose linen drapery is a thin
Subtile and ductile codlin's skin;
Which o'er the board is smoothly spread
With little seal-work damasked.
The fringe that circumbinds it, too,
Is spangle-work of trembling dew,
Which, gently gleaming, makes a show,
Like frost-work glitt'ring on the snow.
Upon this fetuous board doth stand
Something for show-bread, and at hand,
Just in the middle of the altar,
Upon an end, the Fairy-psalter,

Hesperides Graced with the trout-fly's curious wings,
Which serve for watchet ribbonings.
Now, we must know, the elves are led
Right by the Rubric, which they read:
And if report of them be true,
They have their text for what they do,
Ay, and their book of canons too.
And, as Sir Thomas Parson tells,
They have their book of articles;
And if that fairy knight not lies,
They have their book of homilies;
And other scriptures, that design
A short, but righteous discipline.
The basin stands the board upon
To take the free oblation:
A little pin-dust; which they hold
More precious than we prize our gold;
Which charity they give to many
Poor of the parish, if there's any.
Upon the ends of these neat rails,
Hatcht with the silver-light of snails,
The elves, in formal manner, fix
Two pure and holy candlesticks,
In either which a small tall bent
Burns for the altar's ornament.
For sanctity, they have to these
Their curious copes and surplices
Of cleanest cobweb, hanging by
In their religious vestery.
They have their ash-pans and their brooms,

To purge the chapel and the rooms;
Their many mumbling mass-priests here,
And many a dapper chorister.
Their ush'ring vergers here likewise,
Their canons and their chanteries;
Of cloister-monks they have enow,
Ay, and their abbey-lubbers too.
And if their legend do not lie,
They much affect the Papacy;
And since the last is dead, there's hope
Elve Boniface shall next be Pope.
They have their cups and chalices,
Their pardons and indulgences,
Their beads of nits, bells, books, and wax
Candles, forsooth, and other knacks;
Their holy oil, their fasting spittle,
Their sacred salt here, not a little.
Dry chips, old shoes, rags, grease, and bones,
Beside their fumigations
To drive the devil from the cod-piece
Of the friar, of work an odd piece.
Many a trifle, too, and trinket,
And for what use, scarce man would think it.
Next then, upon the chanters' side
An apple's core is hung up dried,
With rattling kernels, which is rung
To call to morn and even-song.
The saint, to which the most he prays
And offers incense nights and days,
The lady of the lobster is,

Hesperides Whose foot-pace he doth stroke and kiss,
And humbly chives of saffron brings,
For his most cheerful offerings.
When, after these, he's paid his vows,
He lowly to the altar bows;
And then he dons the silkworm's shed,
Like a Turk's turban on his head,
And reverently departeth thence,
Hid in a cloud of frankincense;
And by the glow-worm's light well guided,
Goes to the feast that's now provided.

TO MISTRESS KATHERINE BRAD-
SHAW, THE LOVELY, THAT
CROWNED HIM WITH LAUREL.



Y Muse in meads has spent her
many hours
Sitting, and sorting several sorts
of flowers,
To make for others garlands; and
to set
On many a head here, many a coronet.
But, amongst all encircled here, not one
Gave her a day of coronation;
Till you, sweet mistress, came and interwove
A laurel for her, ever young as love.
You first of all crown'd her; she must, of due,
Render for that a crown of life to you.

TO MUSIC, TO BECALM HIS FEVER. *Hesperides*



HARM me asleep, and melt me

so

With thy delicious numbers,
That being ravished, hence I go
Away in easy slumbers.

Ease my sick head,

And make my bed,
Thou power that canst sever
From me this ill;
And quickly still,
Though thou not kill,
My fever.

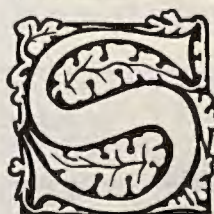
Thou sweetly canst convert the same
From a consuming fire
Into a gentle-licking flame,
And make it thus expire.

Then make me weep
My pains asleep;
And give me such reposes,
That I, poor I,
May think, thereby,
I live and die
'Mongst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
A baptime o'er the flowers.

Hesperides Melt, melt my pains,
With thy soft strains,
That having ease me given,
With full delight,
I leave this light,
And take my flight
For heaven.

UPON A GENTLEWOMAN WITH A SWEET VOICE.



O long you did not sing, or touch
your lute,
We knew 'twas flesh and blood
that there sat mute.
But when your playing and your
voice came in,
'Twas no more you then, but a cherubin.

THE CHANGES. TO CORINNA.



E not proud, but now incline
Your soft ear to discipline.
You have changes in your life,
Sometimes peace, and sometimes
strife;
You have ebbs of face and flows,
As your health or comes or goes;
You have hopes, and doubts, and fears,
Numberless as are your hairs;
You have pulses that do beat
High, and passions less of heat;

You are young, but must be old,
 And, to these, ye must be told,
 Time, ere long, will come and plough
 Loathed furrows in your brow:
 And the dimness of your eye
 Will no other thing imply,
 But you must die
 As well as I.

TO THE ROSE. SONG.



O, happy rose, and interwove
 With other flowers, bind my love.
 Tell her, too, she must not be,
 Longer flowing, longer free,
 That so oft has fetter'd me.
 Say, if she's fretful, I have bands
 Of pearl and gold to bind her hands;
 Tell her, if she struggle still,
 I have myrtle rods, at will,
 For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing thus, and go
 And tell her this: but do not so,
 Lest a handsome anger fly
 Like a lightning from her eye,
 And burn thee up, as well as I.

Hesperides DRAW-GLOVES.



T draw-gloves we'll play,
And prithee let's lay
A wager, and let it be this:
Who first to the sum
Of twenty shall come,
Shall have for his winning a kiss.

**TO MUSIC, TO BECALM A SWEET
SICK YOUTH.**



HARMS, that call down the
moon from out her sphere,
On this sick youth work your en-
chantments here;
Bind up his senses with your
numbers, so

As to entrance his pain, or cure his woe.
Fall gently, gently, and awhile him keep
Lost in the civil wilderness of sleep;
That done, then let him, dispossess of pain,
Like to a slumb'ring bride, awake again.

HIS RECANTATION.



OVE, I recant,
And pardon crave,
That lately I offended,
But 'twas,
Alas!
To make a brave,
But no disdain intended.

No more I'll vaunt,
 For now I see
 Thou only hast the power
 To find,
 And bind
 A heart that's free,
 And slave it in an hour.

ON LOVE.



LOVE bade me ask a gift,
 And I no more did move
 But this, that I might shift
 Still with my clothes my love.
 That favour granted was;
 Since which, though I love many,
 Yet so it comes to pass,
 That long I love not any.

THE HOCK CART; OR, HARVEST
 HOME. TO THE RIGHT HONOUR-
 ABLE MILD MAY, EARL OF WEST-
 MORLAND.



COME, sons of summer, by whose
 toil,
 We are the lords of wine and oil;
 By whose tough labours & rough
 hands,
 We rip up first, then reap our
 lands.

Crown'd with the ears of corn, now come,

Hesperides And, to the pipe, sing harvest home!
Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
Drest up with all the country art.
See, here a maukin, there a sheet,
As spotless pure as it is sweet;
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
Clad all in linen white as lilies.
The harvest swains and wenches bound
For joy, to see the hock cart crown'd.
About the cart, hear how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout,
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves,
Some prank them up with oaken leaves;
Some cross the fill-horse, some with great
Devotion, stroke the home-borne wheat:
While other rustics, less attent
To prayers than to merriment,
Run after with their breeches rent.
Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
Glitt'ring with fire; where, for your mirth,
Ye shall see first the large and chief
Foundation of your feast, fat beef;
With upper stories, mutton, veal,
And bacon, which makes full the meal,
With several dishes standing by,
As, here a custard, there a pie,
And here all-tempting frumenty.
And for to make the merry cheer,

If smirking wine be wanting here,
 There's that which drowns all care, stout beer;
 Which freely drink to your lord's health,
 Then to the plough, the commonwealth;
 Next to your flails, your fans, your vats;
 Then to the maids with wheaten hats;
 To the rough sickle, and crookt scythe,
 Drink, frolic, boys, till all be blithe.
 Feed and grow fat, and as ye eat,
 Be mindful, that the lab'ring neat,
 As you, may have their fill of meat.
 And know, besides, ye must revoke
 The patient ox unto the yoke,
 And all go back unto the plough
 And harrow, though they're hang'd up now.
 And, you must know, your lord's word's true,
 Feed him ye must, whose food fills you.
 And that this pleasure is like rain,
 Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
 But for to make it spring again.

NOT TO LOVE.


 E that will not love, must be
 My scholar, and learn this of me:
 There be in love as many fears,
 As the summer's corn has ears;
 Sighs, and sobs, and sorrows more
 Than the sand that makes the
 shore;
 Freezing cold and fiery heats,

Hesperides Fainting swoons and deadly sweats;
Now an ague, then a fever,
Both tormenting lovers ever.
Wouldst thou know, besides all these,
How hard a woman 'tis to please?
How cross, how sullen, and how soon
She shifts and changes like the moon.
How false, how hollow she's in heart,
And how she is her own least part;
How high she's prized, and worth but small;
Little thou'lt love, or not at all.

TO MUSIC. A SONG.



MUSIC, thou queen of heaven, care-
charming spell,
That strik'st a stillness into hell;
Thou that tam'st tigers, and fierce
storms that rise,
With thy soul-melting lullabies;
Fall down, down, down, from those thy chiming
spheres,
To charm our souls, as thou enchant'st our ears.

TO THE WESTERN WIND.

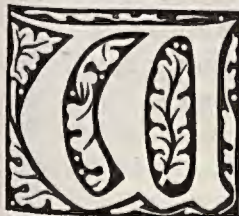


WEET western wind, whose
luck it is,
Made rival with the air,
To give Perenna's lip a kiss,
And fan her wanton hair.
Bring me but one, I'll promise thee,

Instead of common showers,
Thy wings shall be embalm'd by me,
And all beset with flowers.

Hesperides

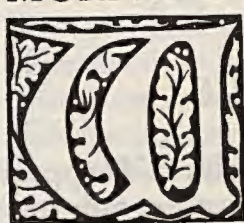
UPON THE DEATH OF HIS
SPARROW: AN ELEGY.



HY do not all fresh maids appear
To work love's sampler only here,
Where spring-time smiles
throughout the year?
Are not here rosebuds, pinks, all
flowers

Nature begets by th' sun and showers,
Met in one hearse-cloth, to o'erspread
The body of the under-dead?
Phil, the late dead, the late dead dear,
O! may no eye distil a tear
For you once lost, who weep not here!
Had Lesbia, too too kind, but known
This sparrow, she had scorn'd her own;
And for this dead which underlies,
Wept out her heart, as well as eyes.
But endless peace, sit here, and keep
My Phil, the time he has to sleep,
And thousand virgins come and weep,
To make these flow'ry carpets show
Fresh as their blood, and ever grow,
Till passengers shall spend their doom;
Not Virgil's Gnat had such a tomb.

Hesperides TO PRIMROSES FILLED WITH
MORNING DEW.



HY do ye weep, sweet babes?
Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teem'd her refreshing dew?

Alas, you have not known that shower,
That mars a flower,
Nor felt th' unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years;
Or warpt, as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
To speak by tears, before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring younglings, & make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep;
Is it for want of sleep?
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweetheart to this?
No, no, this sorrow shown
By your tears shed
Would have this lecture read:

That things of greatest, so of meanest worth, Hesperides
Conceiv'd with grief are, and with tears brought forth.

HOW ROSES CAME RED.



ROSES at first were white,
Till they could not agree,
Whether my Sappho's breast,
Or they more white should be.
But being vanquisht quite,
A blush their cheeks bespread;

Since which, believe the rest,
The roses first came red.

COMFORT TO A LADY ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.



DRY your sweet cheek, long
drown'd with sorrow's rain;
Since clouds disperst, suns gild
the air again.
Seas chafe and fret, and beat, and
over-boil;

But turn soon after calm, as balm or oil.

Winds have their time to rage, but when they cease,
The leafy trees nod in a still-born peace.

Your storm is over. Lady, now appear
Like to the peeping spring-time of the year.

Off then with grave clothes; put fresh colours on,
And flow and flame in your vermilion.

Upon your cheek sat icicles awhile;

Now let the rose reign like a queen, and smile.

Hesperides HOW VIOLETS CAME BLUE.



LOVE on a day, wise poets tell,
Some time in wrangling spent,
Whether the violets should excel,
Or she, in sweetest scent.
But Venus having lost the day,
Poor girls, she fell on you,
And beat ye so, as some dare say,
Her blows did make ye blue.

TO THE WILLOW TREE.



WHOU art to all lost love the best,
The only true plant found,
Wherewith youngmen and maids
distrest,
And left of love, are crowned.
When once the lover's rose is dead,
Or laid aside forlorn;
Then willow-garlands, 'bout the head,
Bedew'd with tears, are worn.

When with neglect, the lover's bane,
Poor maids rewarded be,
For their lost love: their only gain
Is but a wreath from thee.

And underneath thy cooling shade,
When weary of the light,
The love-spent youth and love-sick maid
Come to weep out the night.

MRS. ELIZ. WHEELER, UNDER THE Hesperides
NAME OF THE LOST SHEPHERDESS.



AMONG the myrtles as I walk'd,
Love and my sighs thus inter-
talk'd:

"Tell me," said I, in deep distress,
"Where I may find my shepherd-
ess?"

"Thou fool," said Love, "know'st thou not this?
In everything that's sweet she is.

In yond' carnation go and seek,
There thou shalt find her lip and cheek;

In that enamell'd pansy by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye;

In bloom of peach and rose's bud,
There waves the streamer of her blood."

"Tis true," said I, and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,

To make of parts an union;
But on a sudden all were gone.

At which I stopp'd. Said Love, "These be
The true resemblances of thee:

For as these flowers, thy joys must die,

And in the turning of an eye;

And all thy hopes of her must wither,
Like those short sweets ere knit together."

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COM-
MAND HIM ANYTHING.

BID me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be:
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.
A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree:
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see:
And having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree:
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me:
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

UPON A MAID THAT DIED THE DAY Hesperides
SHE WAS MARRIED.



GHAT morn which saw me made
a bride,
The ev'ning witness'd that I died.
Those holy lights, wherewith they
guide
Unto the bed the bashful bride,
Serv'd but as tapers, for to burn,
And light my reliques to their urn.
This epitaph, which here you see,
Supplied the epithalamie.

TO MEADOWS.



YE have been fresh and green,
Ye have been fill'd with flowers;
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their
hours.
You have beheld how they
With wicker arks did come,
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home.
Ye've heard them sweetly sing,
And seen them in a round:
Each virgin, like a spring,
With honeysuckles crowned.

But now, we see none here

Hesperides Whose silvery feet did tread,
And with dishevell'd hair
Adorn'd this smoother mead.

Like unthrifths, having spent
Your stock, and needy grown,
You're left here to lament
Your poor estates, alone.

TO HIS HOUSEHOLD GODS.



ISE, household gods, & let us go,
But whither, I myself not know.
First, let us dwell on rudest seas;
Next, with severest savages;
Last, let us make our best abode,
Where human foot, as yet, ne'er

trod;
Search worlds of ice; and rather there
Dwell, than in loathed Devonshire.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE AND ROBIN REDBREAST.



HEN I departed am, ring thou
my knell,
Thou pitiful & pretty Philomel;
And when I'm laid out for a
corse, then be
Thou sexton, Redbreast, for to
cover me.

A NUPTIAL SONG; OR, EPITHALAMUM ON SIR CLIPSEBYCREW AND HIS LADY.

Hesperides

WHAT'S that we see from far?
The spring of day
Bloom'd from the east, or fair
injewelled May
Blown out of April; or some new
Star filled with glory to our view,

Reaching at heaven,
To add a nobler planet to the seven?
Say, or do we not descry
Some goddess in a cloud of tiffany
To move, or rather the
Emergent Venus from the sea?

'Tis she! 'tis she! or else some more divine
Enlightened substance; mark how from the shrine
Of holy saints she paces on,
Treading upon vermilion
And amber; spice,
ing the chaste air with fumes of Paradise.
Then come on, come on, and yield
A savour like unto a blessed field
When the bedabbled morn
Washes the golden ears of corn.

See where she comes, and smell how all the street
Breathes vineyards and pomegranates: O how
sweet!

Hesperides As a fired altar, is each stone,
Perspiring pounded cinnamon.
The phoenix nest,
Built up of odours, burneth in her breast.
Who therein would not consume
His soul to ash-heaps in that rich perfume?
Bestroking fate the while
He burns to embers on the pile.

Hymen, O Hymen! tread the sacred ground;
Show thy white feet, and head with marjoram
crown'd:
Mount up thy flames, and let thy torch
Display the bridegroom in the porch,
In his desires
More towering, more disparkling than thy fires;
Show her how his eyes do turn
And roll about, and in their motions burn
Their balls to cinders; haste,
Or else to ashes he will waste.

Glide by the banks of virgins then, and pass
The showers of roses, lucky four-leaved grass;
The while the cloud of younglings sing,
And drown ye with a flowery spring;
While some repeat
Your praise, and bless you, sprinkling you with
wheat:
While that others do divine;
Blest is the bride, on whom the sun doth shine;

And thousands gladly wish
You multiply, as doth a fish.

And beauteous bride, we do confess you're wise,
In dealing forth these bashful jealousies;
In Love's name do so; and a price
Set on your self, by being nice:
But yet take heed:
What now you seem, be not the same indeed,
And turn apostaté: Love will
Part of the way be met; or sit stone still.
On then, and though you slow-
ly go, yet, howsoever, go.

And now you're entered; see the coddled cook
Runs from his torrid zone, to pry and look,
And bless his dainty mistress: see,
The aged point out, This is she
Who now must sway
The house, love shield her, with her Yea and Nay;
And the smirk butler thinks it
Sin, in's napery, not to express his wit;
Each striving to devise
Some gin, wherewith to catch your eyes.

To bed, to bed, kind turtles, now, and write
This the short'st day and this the longest night;
But yet too short for you: 'tis we
Who count this night as long as three
Lying alone,

Hesperides Telling the clock strike ten, eleven, twelve, one.
Quickly, quickly then prepare,
And let the young men and the bride-maids share
Your garters; and their joints
Encircle with the bridegroom's points.

By the bride's eyes, and by the teeming life
Of her green hopes, we charge ye, that no strife,
Farther than gentleness tends, gets place
Among ye, striving for her lace.
O do not fall
Foul in these noble pastimes, lest ye call
Discord in, and so divide
The youthful bridegroom and the fragrant bride;
Which love forfend; but spoken
Be't to your praise, no peace was broken.

Strip her of springtime, tender-whimpering maids,
Now autumn's come, when all these flowery aids
Of her delays must end; dispose
That lady-smock, that pansy, and that rose
Neatly apart;
But for prick-madam and for gentle-heart,
And soft maidens' blush, the bride
Makes holy these, all others lay aside:
Then strip her, or unto her
Let him come, who dares undo her.

And to enchant ye more, see everywhere
About the roof a siren in a sphere,

As we think, singing to the din
Of many a warbling cherubin.
O mark ye how
The soul of Nature melts in numbers; now
See, a thousand Cupids fly,
To light their tapers at the bride's bright eye.
To bed, or her they'll tire,
Were she an element of fire.

And to your more bewitching, see, the proud
Plump bed bear up, and swelling like a cloud,
Tempting the two too modest; can
Ye see it brusle like a swan,
And you be cold
To meet it when it woos and seems to fold
The arms to hug it? Throw, throw
Yourselves into the mighty overflow
Of that white pride, and drown
The night with you in floods of down.

The bed is ready, and the maze of love
Looks for the treaders; everywhere is wove
Wit and new mystery; read and
Put in practice, to understand
And know each wile,
Each hieroglyphic of a kiss or smile;
And do it to the full; reach
High in your own conceit, and some way teach
Nature and art one more
Play than they ever knew before.

Hesperides If needs we must for ceremony's sake,
Bless a sack-posset, luck go with it, take
The night-charm quickly; you have spells
And magics for to end, and hells
To pass; but such
And of such torture as no one would grutch
To live therein for ever: fry
And consume, and grow again to die
And live, and, in that case
Love the confusion of the place.

But since it must be done, despatch and sew
Up in a sheet your bride, and what if so
It be with rock or walls of brass
Ye tower her up, as Danae was;
Think you that this,
Or hell itself, a powerful bulwark is?
I tell ye no; but like a
Bold bolt of thunder he will make his way,
And rend the cloud and throw
The sheet about like flakes of snow.

All now is hushed in silence; midwife-moon,
With all her owl-eyed issue, begs a boon
Which you must grant; that's entrance; with
Which extract all we can call pith
And quintessence
Of planetary bodies; so commence
All fair constellations
Looking upon ye, that, two nations

Springing from two such fires,
May blaze the virtue of their sires.

Hesperides

NO FAULT IN WOMEN.



O fault in women, to refuse
The offer which they most would
choose.
No fault in women to confess,
How tedious they are in their
dress;

No fault in women, to lay on
The tincture of vermilion:
And there to give the cheek a dye
Of white, where nature doth deny.
No fault in women, to make show
Of largeness, when they're a nothing so;
When, true it is, the outside swells
With inward buckram, little else.
No fault in women, though they be
But seldom from suspicion free:
No fault in womankind at all,
If they but slip, but never fall.

OBERON'S FEAST.



HAPCOT! to thee the fairy state
I with discretion dedicate;
Because thou prizest things that are
Curious and unfamiliar.
Take first the feast; these dishes gone,
We'll see the fairy-court anon."

Hesperides A little mushroom table spread,
After short prayers they set on bread,
A moon-parched grain of purest wheat,
With some small glittering grit, to eat
His choice bits with; then in a trice
They make a feast less great than nice.
But all this while his eye is served,
We must not think his ear was starved;
But that there was in place to stir
His spleen, the chirring grasshopper,
The merry cricket, puling fly,
The piping gnat for minstrelsy.
And now, we must imagine first,
The elves present, to quench his thirst,
A pure seed-pearl of infant dew,
Brought and besweetened in a blue
And pregnant violet; which done,
His kitling eyes begin to run
Quite through the table, where he spies
The horns of papery butterflies,
Of which he eats; and tastes a little
Of that we call the cuckoo's spittle;
A little fuz-ball pudding stands
By, yet not blessed by his hands,
That was too coarse; but then forthwith
He ventures boldly on the pith
Of sugared rush, and eats the sag
And well bestrutted bees' sweet bag;
Gladding his palate with some store
Of emmets' eggs; what would he more?

But beards of mice, a newt's stewed thigh,
 A bloated earwig, and a fly;
 With the red-capped worm, that's shut
 Within the concave of a nut,
 Brown as his tooth. A little moth,
 Late fattened in a piece of cloth;
 With withered cherries, mandrake's ears,
 Mole's eyes; to these the slain stag's tears;
 The unctuous dewlaps of a snail,
 The broke-heart of a nightingale
 O'er-come in music; with a wine
 Ne'er ravished from the flattering vine,
 But gently pressed from the soft side
 Of the most sweet and dainty bride,
 Brought in a dainty daisy, which
 He fully quaffs up to bewitch
 His blood to height; this done, commended
 Grace by his priest; the feast is ended.

TO VIRGINS.


 EAR, ye Virgins, and I'll teach
 What the times of old did preach.
 Rosamond was in a bower
 Kept, as Danaë in a tower;
 But yet Love, who subtile is,
 Crept to that, and came to this.
 Be ye locked up like to these,
 Or the rich Hesperides:
 Or those babies in your eyes,
 In their crystal nunneries;

Hesperides Notwithstanding, love will win,
Or else force a passage in;
And as coy be as you can,
Gifts will get ye, or the man.

THE BELLMAN.



FROM noise of scare-fires rest ye free,
From murder's benedicite,
From all mischances that may fright
Your pleasing slumbers in the night;
Mercy secure ye all, and keep
The goblin from ye, while ye sleep.
Past one o'clock, and almost two,
My masters all, Good day to you.

ON HIMSELF.



HERE down my wearied limbs I'll lay;
My pilgrim's staff, my weed of grey;
My palmer's hat, my scallop's shell;
My cross, my cord, and all farewell.
For having now my journey done,
Just at the setting of the sun,
Here have I found a chamber fit,
God and good friends be thank for it,
Where if I can a lodger be
A little while from trampplers free;
At my uprising next, I shall,
If not requite, yet thank ye all.
Meanwhile, the Holy-rood hence fright
The fouler fiend and evil sprite,
From scaring you or yours this night.

UPON A CHILD THAT DIED.

Hesperides



HERE she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood:
Who, as soon fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings; but not stir
The earth, that lightly covers her.

TO DAFFODILS.



AIR Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day

Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.

We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

Hesperides UPON A LADY THAT DIED IN
CHILDBED, & LEFT A DAUGHTER
BEHIND HER.



S gillyflowers do but stay
To blow, and seed, and so away,
So you, sweet lady, sweet as May,
The garden's glory, liv'd a while,
To lend the world your scent and
smile:

But when your own fair print was set
Once in a virgin flosculet,
Sweet as yourself, and newly blown,
To give that life resign'd your own;
But so, as still the mother's power
Lives in the pretty lady-flower.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT SENT TO SIR
SIMEON STEWARD.



O news of navies burnt at seas;
No noise of late-spawned
Tityries,
No closet plot or open vent,
That frights men with a Parlia-
ment:

No new device or late found trick,
To read by the stars the kingdom's sick;
No gin to catch the State, or wring
The free-born nostrils of the King,
We send to you; but here a jolly
Verse crown'd with ivy and with holly;

That tells of winter's tales and mirth,
That milk-maids make about the hearth,
Of Christmas sports, the wassail-bowl,
That tost up after Fox-i'th' hole;
Of Blind-man-buff, and of the care
That young men have to shoe the mare:
Of Twelve-tide cakes, of peas and beans,
Wherewith ye make those merry scenes,
When as ye choose your king and queen,
And cry out: Hey, for our town green.
Of ash-heaps, in the which ye use
Husbands and wives by streaks to choose;
Of crackling laurel, which fore-sounds
A plenteous harvest to your grounds;
Of these, and such like things, for shift,
We send instead of New-year's gift.
Read then, and when your faces shine
With buxom meat and cap'ring wine,
Remember us in cups full crown'd,
And let our city-health go round,
Quite through the young maids and the men,
To the ninth number, if not ten;
Until the fired chestnuts leap
For joy to see the fruits ye reap
From the plump chalice and the cup
That tempts till it be tossed up.
Then as ye sit about your embers,
Call not to mind those fled Decembers;
But think on these that are t'appear
As daughters to the instant year:

Hesperides Sit crowned with rose-buds, and carouse,
Till Liber Pater twirls the house
About your ears, and lay upon
The year, your cares, that's fled and gone.
And let the russet swains the plough
And harrow hang up resting now;
And to the bagpipe all address,
Till sleep takes place of weariness.
And thus, throughout, with Christmas plays
Frolic the full twelve holy-days.

MATINS; OR, MORNING PRAYER.

WHEN with the virgin morning
thou dost rise
Crossing thyself, come thus to
sacrifice:
First wash thy heart in innocence,
then bring
Pure hands, pure habits, pure, pure everything.
Next to the altar humbly kneel, and thence
Give up thy soul in clouds of frankincense.
Thy golden censers, fill'd with odours sweet,
Shall make thy actions with their ends to meet.

EVENSONG.

BEGIN with Jove; then is the
work half done,
And runs most smoothly when 'tis
well begun.
Jove's is the first and last; the
morn's his due,

The midst is thine, but Jove's the evening too;
As sure a matins does to him belong,
So sure he lays claim to the evensong.

Hesperides

THE BRACELET TO JULIA.

WHY I tie about thy wrist,
Julia, this my silken twist;
For what other reason is't,
But to show thee how in part
Thou my pretty captive art?
But thy bond-slave is my heart.

'Tis but silk that bindeth thee,
Snap the thread and thou art free;
But 'tis otherwise with me;
I am bound, and fast bound so,
That from thee I cannot go;
If I could, I would not so.

HIS EMBALMING TO JULIA.

FOR my embalming, Julia, do but
this,
Give thou my lips but their su-
preme kiss;
Or else transfuse thy breath into
the chest

Where my small reliques must for ever rest;
That breath the balm, the myrrh, the nard shall
be,
To give an incorruption unto me.

Hesperides THE KISS. A DIALOGUE.



AMONG thy fancies, tell me this,
What is the thing we call a kiss?

2. I shall resolve ye what it is.

It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips, all cherry-red,
By love and warm desires fed.

Chor. And makes more soft the bridal bed.

2. It is an active flame, that flies
First to the babies of the eyes,
And charms them there with lullabies.

Chor. And stills the bride too when she cries.

2. Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
It frisks and flies, now here, now there,
'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near,

Chor. And here, and there, and everywhere.

1. Has it a speaking virtue? **2.** Yes.

1. How speaks it, say? **2.** Do you but this,
Part your joined lips, then speaks your kiss;

Chor. And this love's sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body? **2.** Ay, and wings,
With thousand rare encolourings:

And as it flies it gently sings,

Chor. Love honey yields, but never stings.

THE ADMONITION.

Hesperides

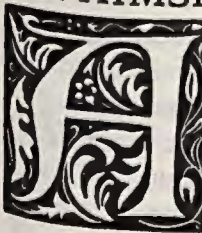


NEEST thou those diamonds
which she wears
In that rich carcanet,
Or those, on her dishevelled hairs,
Fair pearls in order set?
Believe, young man, all those

were tears

By wretched wooers sent,
In mournful hyacinths and rue,
That figure discontent;
Which, when not warmed by her view,
By cold neglect each one
Congeal'd to pearl and stone;
Which precious spoils upon her,
She wears as trophies of her honour.
Ah, then consider what all this implies;
She that will wear thy tears, would wear thine
eyes.

ON HIMSELF.



ASK me why I do not sing
To the tension of the string
As I did, not long ago,
When my numbers full did flow?
Grief, ay me! hath struck my lute
And my tongue at one time mute.

Hesperides TO LAR.



O more shall I, since I am driven
hence,
Devote to thee my grains of frank-
incense;
No more shall I from mantle-trees
hang down,
To honour thee, my little parsley crown;
No more shall I, I fear me, to thee bring
My chives of garlic for an offering;
No more shall I, from henceforth, hear a quire
Of merry crickets by my country fire.
Go where I will, thou lucky Lar, stay here,
Warm by a glittering chimney all the year.

HIS AGE, DEDICATED TO HIS PE-
CULIAR FRIEND, M. JOHN WICKES,
UNDER THE NAME OF POST-
HUMUS.



H Posthumus! our years
hence fly,
And leave no sound; nor
piety,
Or prayers, or vow
Can keep the wrinkle
from the brow;
But we must on,
As fate does lead or
draw us; none,
None, Posthumus, could e'er decline

The doom of cruel Proserpine.

Hesperides

The pleasing wife, the house, the ground,
Must all be left, no one plant found
To follow thee,
Save only the curst cypress tree;
A merry mind
Looks forward, scorns what's left behind;
Let's live, my Wickes, then, while we may,
And here enjoy our holiday.

We've seen the past best times, and these
Will ne'er return; we see the seas,
And moons to wane;
But they fill up their ebbs again:
But vanisht man,
Like to a lily lost, ne'er can,
Ne'er can repullulate, or bring
His days to see a second spring.

But on we must, and thither tend,
Where Anchus and rich Tullus blend
Their sacred seed;
Thus has infernal Jove decreed;
We must be made
Ere long a song, ere long a shade.
Why then, since life to us is short,
Let's make it full up, by our sport.

Crown we our heads with roses then,

Hesperides And 'noint with Tyrian balm; for when
We two are dead,
The world with us is buried.
Then live we free
As is the air, and let us be
Our own fair wind, and mark each one
Day with the white and lucky stone.

We are not poor; although we have
No roofs of cedar, nor our brave
Baia, nor keep
Account of such a flock of sheep;
Nor bullocks fed
To lard the shambles: barbels bred
To kiss our hands, nor do we wish
For Pollio's lampreys in our dish.

If we can meet, and so confer,
Both by a shining saltcellar,
And have our roof,
Although not arched, yet weatherproof,
And ceiling free,
From that cheap candle baudery;
We'll eat our bean with that full mirth,
As we were lords of all the earth.

Well, then, on what seas we are tost,
Our comfort is, we can't be lost.
Let the winds drive
Our bark, yet she will keep alive

Amidst the deeps;
'Tis constancy, my Wickes, which keeps
The pinnacle up; which though she errs
I'th' seas, she saves her passengers.

Say, we must part; sweet mercy bless
Us both i'th' sea, camp, wilderness!

Can we so far
Stray, to become less circular
Than we are now?

No, no, that self-same heart, that vow
Which made us one, shall ne'er undo,
Or ravel so, to make us two.

Live in thy peace; as for myself,
When I am bruised on the shelf
Of time, and show
My locks behung with frost and snow;
When with the rheum,
The cough, the ptisick, I consume
Unto an almost nothing; then,
The ages fled, I'll call again,

And with a tear compare these last
Lame and bad times with those are past,
While Baucis by,
My old lean wife, shall kiss it dry;
And so we'll sit
By th' fire, foretelling snow and sleet,
And weather by our achés, grown
Now old enough to be our own

Hesperides True calendars, as puss's ear
Washed o'er's to tell what change is near;
Then, to assuage
The gripings of the chine by age,
I'll call my young
Iulus to sing such a song
I made upon my Julia's breast,
And of her blush at such a feast.

Then shall he read that flower of mine
Enclosed within a crystal shrine;
A primrose next;
A piece then of a higher text:
For to beget
In me a more transcendent heat,
Than that insinuating fire
Which crept into each aged sire,

When the fair Helen, from her eyes,
Shot forth her loving sorceries:
At which I'll rear
Mine aged limbs above my chair,
And hearing it,
Flutter and crow, as in a fit
Of fresh concupiscence, and cry:
No lust there's like to poetry.

Thus frantic crazy man, God wot,
I'll call to mind things half forgot;
And oft between

Repeat the times that I have seen!
Thus ripe with tears,
And twisting my Iulus' hairs;
Doting, I'll weep and say: In truth,
Baucis, these were my sins of youth.

Then next I'll cause my hopeful lad,
If a wild apple can be had,
To crown the hearth,
Lar thus conspiring with our mirth,
Then to infuse
Our browner ale into the cruise;
Which, sweetly spic'd, we'll first carouse
Unto the genius of the house.

Then the next health to friends of mine,
Loving the brave Burgundian wine,
High sons of pith,
Whose fortunes I have frolicked with;
Such as could well
Bear up the magic bough and spell:
And dancing 'bout the mystic Thyrses,
Give up the just applause to verse:

To those, and then again to thee,
We'll drink, my Wickes, until we be
Plump as the cherry,
Though not so fresh, yet full as merry
As the cricket,
The untam'd heifer, or the pricket;

Hesperides Until our tongues shall tell our ears
We're younger by a score of years.

Thus, till we see the fire less shine
From th' embers than the kitling's eyne,
We'll still sit up,
Sphering about the wassail cup
To all those times
Which gave me honour for my rhymes.
The coal once spent, we'll then to bed,
Far more than night-bewearied.

A SHORT HYMN TO VENUS.



ODDESS, I do love a girl
Ruby-lipp'd and tooth'd with pearl;
If so be I may but prove
Lucky in this maid I love,
I will promise there shall be
Myrtles offer'd up to thee.

UPON A DELAYING LADY.



OME, come away,
Or let me go;
Must I here stay
Because you're slow,
And will continue so?
Troth, lady, no.

I scorn to be
A slave to state;

And since I'm free,
I will not wait
Henceforth at such a rate
For needy fate.

If you desire
My spark should glow,
The peeping fire
You must blow;
Or I shall quickly grow
To frost or snow.

UPON HIS JULIA.

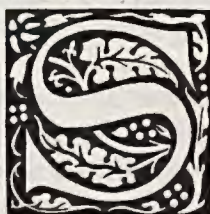
WILL ye hear what I can say
Briefly of my Julia?
Black and rolling is her eye,
Double chinn'd & forehead high;
Lips she has, all ruby red,
Cheeks like cream enclareted;

And a nose that is the grace
And proscenium of her face.
So that we may guess by these,
The other parts will richly please.

TO FLOWERS.

IN time of life I graced ye with my verse;
Do now your flowery honours to my hearse.
You shall not languish, trust me: virgins here
Weeping, shall make ye flourish all the year.

Hesperides A HYMN TO VENUS AND CUPID.



SEA-BORN goddess, let me be,
By thy son thus graced and thee,
That whene'er I woo, I find
Virgins coy, but not unkind.
Let me, when I kiss a maid,
Taste her lips, so overlaid

With love's syrup, that I may
In your temple, when I pray,
Kiss the altar, and confess,
There's in love no bitterness.

THE MEADOW VERSE; OR, ANNI-
VERSARY TO MISTRESS BRIDGET
LOWMAN.



COME with the spring-time forth,
fair maid, and be
This year again the meadow's
deity.

Yet ere ye enter, give us leave to set
Upon your head this flowery

coronet;

To make this neat distinction from the rest,
You are the prime and princess of the feast,
To which, with silver feet lead you the way,
While sweet-breath nymphs attend on you this day
This is your hour, and best you may command,
Since you are lady of this fairy land.
Full mirth wait on you, and such mirth as shall
Cherish the cheek, but make none blush at all.

THE PARTING VERSE, THE FEAST Hesperides
THERE ENDED.



BOTH to depart, but yet at last each
one
Back must now go to's habitation;
Not knowing thus much, when
we once do sever,
Whether or no that we shall meet
here ever.

As for myself, since time a thousand cares
And griefs hath fil'd upon my silver hairs;
'Tis to be doubted whether I next year,
Or no, shall give ye a re-meeting here.
If die I must, then my last vow shall be,
You'll, with a tear or two, remember me,
Your sometime poet; but if fates do give
Me longer date, and more fresh springs to live;
Oft as your field shall her old age renew,
Herrick shall make the meadow-verse for you.

A HYMN TO JUNO.



GATELY goddess, do thou
please,
Who art chief at marriages,
But to dress the bridal bed,
When my love and I shall wed;
And a peacock proud shall be
Offer'd up by us to thee.

Hesperides UPON SAPPHO, SWEETLY PLAY-
ING AND SWEETLY SINGING.



WHEN thou dost play, & sweetly
sing,
Whether it be the voice or string,
Or both of them, that do agree
Thus to entrance and ravish me;
This, this I know, I'm oft struck
mute,
And die away upon thy lute.

CHOP-CHERRY.



THOU gav'st me leave to kiss,
Thou gav'st me leave to woo;
Thou mad'st me think, by this
And that, thou lov'dst me too.
But I shall ne'er forget
How for to make thee merry,
Thou mad'st me chop, but yet
Another snapt the cherry.

UPON HIMSELF.

THOU shalt not all die; for while love's fire
shines
Upon his altar, men shall read thy lines;
And learn'd musicians shall, to honour Herrick's
Fame, and his name, both set and sing his lyrics.

PRAY AND PROSPER.

Hesperides



FIRST offer incense, then thy field
and meads
Shall smile & smell the better by
thy beads.
The spangling dew dredged o'er
the grass shall be

Turned all to mel and manna there for thee.
Butter of amber, cream, and wine, and oil,
Shall run as rivers all throughout thy soil.
Would'st thou to sincere silver turn thy mould?
Pray once, twice pray; and turn thy ground to
gold.

HIS LACHRIMÆ; OR, MIRTH TURNED TO MOURNING.



ALL me no more,
As heretofore,
The music of a feast;
Since now, alas,
The mirth that was
In me, is dead or ceas'd.

Before I went
To banishment
Into the loathed West,
I could rehearse
A lyric verse,
And speak it with the best.

Hesperides But time, Ai me!
Has laid, I see,
My organ fast asleep;
And turn'd my voice
Into the noise
Of those that sit and weep.

TO THE MOST FAIR AND LOVELY
MISTRESS ANNE SOAME, NOW
LADY ABDIE.



O smell those odours that do rise
From out the wealthy spiceries;
So smells the flower of blooming
clove,
Or roses smother'd in the stove;
So smells the air of spiced wine,
Or essences of jessamine;
So smells the breath about the
hives,
When well the work of honey thrives,
And all the busy factors come,
Laden with wax and honey, home;
So smell those neat and woven bowers,
All over-arch'd with orange flowers,
And almond blossoms, that do mix
To make rich these aromatics:
So smell those bracelets, and those bands
Of amber chaf'd between the hands;
When thus enkindled, they transpire
A noble perfume from the fire.

The wine of cherries, and to these
 The cooling breath of respases;
 The smell of morning's milk and cream;
 Butter of cowslips mixed with them;
 Of roasted warden, or bak'd pear,
 These are not to be reckon'd here;
 Whenas the meanest part of her
 Smells like the maiden pomander.
 Thus sweet she smells, or what can be
 More lik'd by her, or lov'd by me.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MIS-
 TRESS ELIZABETH HERRICK.



WEET virgin, that I do not set
 The pillars up of weeping jet,
 Or mournful marble; let thy
 shade
 Not wrathful seem, or fright the
 maid,

Who hither at her wonted hours
 Shall come to strew thy earth with flowers.
 No; know, blest maid, when there's not one
 Remainder left of brass or stone,
 Thy living epitaph shall be,
 Though lost in them, yet found in me.
 Dear, in thy bed of roses, then,
 Till this world shall dissolve as men,
 Sleep, while we hide thee from the light,
 Drawing the curtains round: Good night.

Hesperides A PANEGYRIC TO SIR LEWIS PEM-
BERTON.



LILL I shall come again,
let this suffice,
I send my salt, my sacrifice
To thee, thy lady, young-
lings, and as far
As to thy genius and thy la-
To the worn threshold, por-
hall, parlour, kitchen,
The fat-fed smoking temple
which in

The wholesome savour of thy mighty chines,
Invites to supper him who dines,
Where laden spits, warpt with large ribs of beef,
Not represent but give relief
To the lank stranger and the sour swain,
Where both may feed and come again;
For no black-bearded vigil from thy door
Beats with a button'd staff the poor;
But from thy warm love-hatching gates, each may
Take friendly morsels, and there stay
To sun his thin-clad members, if he likes,
For thou no porter keep'st who strikes.
No comer to thy roof his guest-rite wants;
Or, staying there, is scourged with taunts
Of some rough groom, who, yirkt with corns,
says: Sir,
You've dipt too long i'th' vinegar;
And with our broth and bread & bits, Sir friend,

You've far'd well, pray make an end;
Two days you've larded here; a third, ye know,
Makes guests and fish smell strong; pray go
You to some other chimney, and there take
Essay of other giblets; make
Merry at another's hearth: you're here
Welcome as thunder to our beer.
Manners knows distance, and a man unrude
Would soon recoil, and not intrude
His stomach to a second meal. No, no,
Thy house, well fed and taught, can show
No such crabb'd vizard: thou hast learnt thy train
With heart and hand to entertain,
And by the arms-full, with a breast unhid,
As the old race of mankind did,
When either's heart, and either's hand did strive
To be the nearer relative.
Thou dost redeem those times; & what was lost
Of ancient honesty, may boast
It keeps a growth in thee, and so will run
A course in thy fame's pledge, thy son.
Thus, like a Roman Tribune, thou thy gate
Early set'st ope to feast, and late;
Keeping no currish waiter to affright,
With blasting eye, the appetite,
Which fain would waste upon thy cates, but that
The trencher-creature marketh what
Best and more suppling piece he cuts, and by
Some private pinch tells danger's nigh,
A hand too desp'rate, or a knife that bites

Hesperides Skin-deep into the pork, or lights
Upon some part of kid, as if mistook,
When checkèd by the butler's look.
No, no, thy bread, thy wine, thy jocund beer
Is not reserv'd for Trebius here,
But all who at thy table seated are,
Find equal freedom, equal fare;
And thou, like to that hospitable god,
Jove, joy'st when guests make their abode
To eat thy bullocks' thighs, thy veals, thy fat
Wethers, and never grudgèd at.
The pheasant, partridge, gotwit, reeve, ruff, rail,
The cock, the curlew, and the quail,
These, and thy choicest viands do extend
Their taste unto the lower end
Of thy glad table: not a dish more known
To thee, than unto any one.
But as thy meat, so thy immortal wine
Makes the smirk face of each to shine,
And spring fresh rose-buds, while the salt, the wit
Flows from the wine, and graces it;
While reverence, waiting at the bashful board,
Honours my lady and my lord.
No scurril jest; no open scene is laid
Here, for to make the face afraid;
But temp'rate mirth dealt forth, and so discreet-
ly, that it makes the meat more sweet,
And adds perfumes unto the wine, which thou
Dost rather pour forth, than allow
By cruse and measure; thus devoting wine,

As the Canary Isles were thine;
But with that wisdom and that method, as
No one that's there his guilty glass
Drinks of distemper, or has cause to cry
Repentance to his liberty.
No, thou knowest order, ethics, and hast read
All economics, know'st to lead
A house-dance neatly, and canst truly show
How far a figure ought to go,
Forward or backward, sideward, and what pace
Can give, and what retract a grace;
What gesture, courtship; comeliness agrees,
With those thy primitive decrees,
To give subsistence to thy house, and proof,
What genii support thy roof,
Goodness and greatness; not the oaken piles;
For these, and marbles have their whiles
To last, but not their ever; virtue's hand
It is which builds 'gainst fate to stand.
Such is thy house, whose firm foundations' trust
Is more in thee, than in her dust,
Or depth; these last may yield, & yearly shrink,
When what is strongly built, no chink
Or yawning rupture can the same devour.
But fixt it stands, by her own power,
And well-laid bottom, on the iron and rock,
Which tries, and counter-stands the shock
And ram of time, and by vexation grows
The stronger: Virtue dies when foes
Are wanting to her exercise, but great

Hesperides And large she spreads by dust and sweat.
 Safe stand thy walls, and thee, and so both will,
 Since neither's height was rais'd by th' ill
 Of others; since no stud, no stone, no piece
 Was rear'd up by the poor man's fleece;
 No widow's tenement was racked to gild
 Or fret thy ceiling, or to build
 A sweating-closet to anoint the silk-
 soft skin, or bathe in asses milk;
 No orphan's pittance, left him, serv'd to set
 The pillars up of lasting jet,
 For which their cries might beat against thine ears,
 Or in the damp jet read their tears.
 No plank from hallowed altar does appeal
 To yond' Star-chamber, or does seal
 A curse to thee, or thine; but all things even
 Make for thy peace and pace to heaven.
 Go on directly so, as just men may
 A thousand times, more swear, than say,
 This is that princely Pemberton, who can
 Teach men to keep a God in man;
 And when wise poets shall search out to see
 Good men, they find them all in thee.

UPON MR. BEN JONSON. EPIGRAM.



AFTER the rare arch-poet Jonson
 died,
 The sock grew loathsome, and the
 buskins' pride,
 Together with the stage's glory,
 stood

Each like a poor and pitied widowhood.
 The cirque profan'd was, and all postures rack'd;
 For men did strut, and stride, and stare, not act.
 Then temper flew from words, and men did squeak,
 Look red, and blow, and bluster, but not speak:
 No holy rage or frantic fires did stir,
 Or flash about the spacious theater.
 No clap of hands, or shout, or praises-proof
 Did crack the play-house sides, or cleave her roof.
 Artless the scene was, and that monstrous sin
 Of deep and arrant ignorance came in;
 Such ignorance as theirs was, who once hist
 At thy unequall'd play, the Alchemist:
 Oh fie upon 'em! Lastly too, all wit
 In utter darkness did and still will sit
 Sleeping the luckless age out, till that she
 Her resurrection has again with thee.

TO HIS MAID PRUE.



THESE summer birds did with
 thy master stay
 The times of warmth, but then
 they flew away,
 Leaving their poet, being now
 grown old,

Expos'd to all the coming winter's cold.
 But thou, kind Prue, did'st with my fates abide
 As well the winter's as the summer's tide;
 For which thy love, live with thy master here,
 Not two, but all the seasons of the year.

Hesperides A CANTICLE TO APOLLO.



LAY, Phœbus, on thy lute,
And we will sit all mute;
By listening to thy lyre,
That set all ears on fire.
Hark, hark, the God does play;
And as he leads the way
Through heaven, the very spheres,
As men, turn all to ears.

HOW PANSIES, OR HEARTSEASE,
CAME FIRST.



ROLIC virgins once these were,
Over-loving, living here;
Being here their ends denied,
Ran for sweethearts mad, & died.
Love, in pity of their tears,
And their loss in blooming years,
For their restless here-spent hours,
Gave them heartsease turn'd to flowers.

LAR'S PORTION AND THE POET'S
PART.



A my homely country-seat,
I have there a little wheat,
Which I work to meal, & make
Therewithal a holy cake;
Part of which I give to Lar,
Part is my peculiar.

THE DREAM.

Hesperides



Y dream I saw one of the three
Sisters of Fate appear to me.
Close by my bedside she did stand,
Showing me there a firebrand;
She told me, too, as that did spend,
So drew my life unto an end.

Three-quarters were consum'd of it;
Only remained a little bit,
Which will be burnt up by-and-by;
Then Julia, weep, for I must die.

CLOTHES DO BUT CHEAT AND COZEN US.



WAY with silks, away with
lawn,
I'll have no scenes or curtains
drawn;
Give me my mistress, as she is,
Dress'd in her nak'd simplicities;

For as my heart e'en so mine eye
Is won with flesh, not drapery.

UPON ELECTRA.

WHEN out of bed my love doth spring,
'Tis but as day a-kindling;
But when she's up and fully dressed,
'Tis then broad day throughout the East.

Hesperides THE MAD MAID'S SONG.



GOOD morrow to the day so fair;
Good morning, sir, to you;
Good morrow to mine own torn
hair,
Bedabbled with the dew.
Good morning to this primrose too;
Good morrow to each maid
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
Wherein my love is laid.

Ah! woe is me, woe, woe is me,
Alack, and well-a-day!
For pity, sir, find out that bee
Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave;
I'll seek him in your eyes;
Nay, now I think they've made his grave
I'th' bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there; I know, ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth shake him;
But I will go, or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not; though he be dead,
He knows well who do love him,
And who with green turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender, pray take heed,
 With bands of cowslips bind him,
 And bring him home; but 'tis decreed,
 That I shall never find him.

TO BACCHUS. A CANTICLE.



HITHER dost thou whorry me,
 Bacchus, being full of thee?
 This way, that way, that way,
 this;
 Here and there a fresh love is;
 That doth like me, this doth

please:

Thus a thousand mistresses
 I have now; yet I alone
 Having all, enjoy not one.

THE LAWN.

WOULD I see lawn, clear as the heaven, and
 thin?

It should be only in my Julia's skin;
 Which so betrays her blood, as we discover
 The blush of cherries, when a lawn's cast over.

Hesperides A PASTORAL SUNG TO THE KING.

Montano, Silvio, and Mirtillo, shepherds.

Mon.



AD are the times.

Sil. And worse than they
are we.

Mon. Troth, bad are
both; worse fruit, and ill
the tree:

The feast of shepherds
fails. **Sil.** None crowns the cup
Of wassail now, or sets the
quintell up:

And he, who used to lead the country round,
Youthful Mirtillo, here he comes, grief drowned.

Ambo. Let's cheer him up. **Sil.** Behold him
weeping ripe.

Mirt. Ah, Amarillis! farewell mirth and pipe;
Since thou art gone, no more I mean to play
To these smooth lawns, my mirthful roundelay.

Dear Amarillis! **Mon.** Hark! **Sil.** Mark! **Mirt.** This
earth grew sweet

Where, Amarillis, thou didst set thy feet.

Ambo. Poor pitied youth! **Mirt.** And here the
breath of kine

And sheep grew more sweet by that breath of thine.
This flock of wool, and this rich lock of hair,
This ball of cowslips, these she gave me here.

Sil. Words sweet as love itself. **Mon.** Hark!

Mirt. This way she came, and this way too she went!

How each thing smells divinely redolent!
 Like to a field of beans, when newly blown,
 Or like a meadow being lately mown.

Mon. A sweet sad passion....

Mirt. In dewy mornings, when she came this way,
 Sweet bents would bow, to give my love the day;
 And when at night she folded had her sheep,
 Daisies would shut, and closing, sigh and weep.
 Besides, Ai me! since she went hence to dwell,
 The voice's daughter ne'er spake syllable.
 But she is gone. **Sil.** Mirtillo, tell us whither?

Mirt. Where she & I shall never meet together.

Mon. Forefend it, Pan; and Pales, do thou please
 To give an end: **Mirt.** To what? **Sil.** Such griefs:
 as these.

Mirt. Never, oh never! Still I may endure
 The wound I suffer, never find a cure.

Mon. Love, for thy sake, will bring her to these hills
 And dales again. **Mirt.** No, I will languish still;
 And all the while my part shall be to weep;
 And with my sighs, call home my bleating sheep;
 And in the rind of every comely tree
 I'll carve thy name, and in that name kiss thee.

Mon. Set with the sun thy woes. **Sil.** the day
 grows old,

And time it is our full-fed flocks to fold.

Chor. The shades grow great; but greater grows
 our sorrow;
 But let's go steep
 Our eyes in sleep,

Hesperides And meet to weep
To-morrow.

THE WILLOW GARLAND.



WILLOW garland thou didst
send
Perfum'd, last day, to me;
Which did but only this portend,
I was forsook by thee.
Since so it is; I'll tell thee what,
To-morrow thou shalt see
Me wear the willow; after that,
To die upon the tree.

As beasts unto the altars go
With garlands drest, so I
Will, with my willow-wreath also,
Come forth and sweetly die.

UPON THE NIPPLES OF JULIA'S BREAST.



HAVE ye beheld, with much
delight,
A red rose peeping through a
white?
Or else a cherry, double grac'd,
Within a lily? centre plac'd?
Or ever mark'd the pretty beam
A strawberry shows half-drown'd in cream?
Or seen rich rubies blushing through

A pure smooth pearl and orient too?
So like to this, nay all the rest,
Is each neat niplet of her breast.

TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO
SOON.

NOT so soon; the dull-eyed
night
Has not as yet begun
To make a seizure on the light,
Or to seal up the sun.
No marigolds yet closed are,
No shadows great appear;
Nor doth the early shepherd's star
Shine like a spangle here.
Stay but till my Julia close
Her life-begetting eye;
And let the whole world then dispose
Itself to live or die.

OBERON'S PALACE.

AFTER the feast, my Shapcot, see
The Fairy Court I give to thee;
Where we'll present our Oberon led
Half-tipsy to the Fairy bed,
Where Mab he finds; who there
doth lie
Not without mickle majesty.
Which done, and thence remov'd the light,
We'll wish both them and thee, good night.

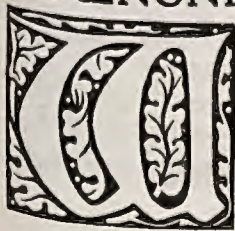
Hesperides Full as a bee with thyme, and red
As cherry harvest, now high fed
For lust and action; on he'll go
To lie with Mab, though all say no.
Lust has no ears; he's sharp as thorn;
And fretful, carries hay in's horn,
And lightning in his eyes; and flings
Among the elves, if mov'd, the stings
Of peltish wasps; we'll know his guard;
Kings, though they're hated, will be fear'd.
Wine leads him on. Thus to a grove,
Sometimes devoted unto love,
Tinselled with twilight, he and they
Led by the shine of snails, a way
Beat with their numerous feet, which by
Many a neat perplexity,
Many a turn, and many a cross-
track, they redeem a bank of moss
Spongy and swelling, and far more
Soft than the finest Lemster ore;
Mildly disparkling, like those fires
Which break from the enjewelled tyres
Of curious brides; or like those mites
Of candied dew in moony nights.
Upon this convex, all the flowers
Nature begets by th' sun and showers,
Are to a wild digestion brought,
As if Love's sampler here was wrought;
Or Citherea's ceston, which
All with temptation doth bewitch.

Sweet airs move here, and more divine
Made by the breath of great-ey'd kine,
Who, as they low, empearl with milk
The four-leav'd grass, or moss like silk.
The breath of monkeys, met to mix
With musk-flies, are th' aromatics
Which 'cense this arch; and here and there,
And farther off, and everywhere
Throughout that brave mosaic yard,
Those picks or diamonds in the card,
With peeps of hearts, of club, and spade,
Are here most neatly interlaid.
Many a counter, many a die,
Half-rotten and without an eye,
Lies hereabouts; and for to pave
The excellency of this cave,
Squirrels' and children's teeth late shed,
Are neatly here enchequerèd,
With brownest toadstones, and the gum
That shines upon the bluer plum.
The nails fall'n off by whit-flaws: Art's
Wise hand enchasing here those warts
Which we to others, from ourselves,
Sell, and brought hither by the elves.
The tempting mole, stol'n from the neck
Of the shy virgin, seems to deck
The holy entrance; where within,
The room is hung with the blue skin
Of shifted snake; enfriez'd throughout
With eyes of peacocks' trains, and trout

Hesperides flies' curious wings; and these among
Those silver-pence, that cut the tongue
Of the red infant, neatly hung.
The glow-worm's eyes; the shining scales
Of silv'ry fish; wheat-straws, the snail's
Soft candle-light; the kitling's eyne;
Corrupted wood; serve here for shine.
No glaring light of bold-fac'd day,
Or other over-radiant ray,
Ransacks this room, but what weak beams
Can make reflected from these gems,
And multiply; such is the light,
But ever doubtful day or night.
By this quaint taper-light he winds
His errors up; and now he finds
His moon-tann'd Mab, as somewhat sick,
And, love knows, tender as a chick.
Upon six plump dandillions, high-
rear'd, lies her elvish majesty,
Whose woolly bubbles seem'd to drown
Her Mabship in obedient down.
For either sheet, was spread the caul
That doth the infant's face enthrall,
When it is born, by some enstyl'd
The lucky omen of the child;
And next to these, two blankets o'er-
cast of the finest gossamer;
And then a rug of carded wool,
Which, sponge-like, drinking in the dull
Light of the moon, seem'd to comply,

Cloud-like, the dainty deity.
 Thus soft she lies; and over-head
 A spinner's circle is bespread
 With cobweb curtains, from the roof
 So neatly sunk, as that no proof
 Of any tackling can declare
 What gives it hanging in the air.
 The fringe about this are those threads
 Broke at the loss of maidenheads:
 And, all behung with these, pure pearls
 Dropp'd from the eyes of ravish'd girls
 Or writhing brides; when, panting, they
 Give unto love the straiter way.
 For music now, he has the cries
 Of feign'd lost virginities;
 The which the elves made to excite
 A more unconquer'd appetite.
 The king's undrest; and now upon
 The gnat's watchword the elves are gone.
 And now the bed, and Mab possess'd
 Of this great little kingly guest;
 We'll nobly think, what's to be done,
 He'll do no doubt; this flax is spun.

TO CENONE.



HAT Conscience, say, is it in thee
 When I a heart had one,
 To take away that heart from me,
 And to retain thy own?
 For shame or pity, now incline
 To play a loving part,

Hesperides Either to send me kindly thine,
Or give me back my heart.

Covet not both; but if thou dost
Resolve to part with neither,
Why! yet to show that thou art just,
Take me and mine together.

TO GROVES.



E silent shades, whose each tree
here
Some relic of a saint doth wear,
Who for some sweetheart's sake
did prove
The fire and martyrdom of love.

Here is the legend of those saints
That died for love; and their complaints;
Their wounded hearts, and names we find
Encarv'd upon the leaves and rind.
Give way, give way to me, who come
Scorch'd with the self-same martyrdom;
And have deserv'd as much, Love knows,
As to be canoniz'd 'mongst those
Whose deeds and deaths here written are
Within your greeny calendar.
By all those virgins' fillets hung
Upon your boughs, and requiems sung
For saints and souls departed hence,
Here honour'd still with frankincense;
By all those tears that have been shed

As a drink-offering to the dead;
 By all those true love-knots that be
 With mottoes carv'd on every tree,
 By sweet Saint Phillis, pity me!
 By dear Saint Iphis and the rest
 Of all those other saints, now blest;
 Me, me forsaken, here admit
 Among your myrtles to be writ;
 That my poor name may have the glory
 To live rememb' red in your story.

AN EPITAPH UPON A VIRGIN.

HERE a solemn fast we keep,
 While all beauty lies asleep,
 Husht be all things; no noise here
 But the toning of a tear;
 Or a sigh of such as bring
 Cowslips for her covering.

TO JEALOUSY.

JEALOUSY, that art
 The canker of the heart;
 And mak'st all hell
 Where thou dost dwell;
 For pity be
 No fury, or no firebrand to me.

Far from me I'll remove
 All thoughts of irksome love;
 And turn to snow,

Hesperides Or crystal grow,
To keep still free,
O soul-tormenting jealousy! from thee.

UPON LOVE.



LOVE, I have broke
Thy yoke;
The neck is free:
But when I'm next
Love-vext,
Then shackle me.

'Tis better yet
To fret
The feet or hands;
Than to enthrall
Or gall
The neck with bands.

THE PARTING VERSE; OR, CHARGE
TO HIS SUPPOSED WIFE WHEN HE
TRAVELLED.



O hence, and with this parting kiss,
Which joins two souls, remember
this:

Though thou be'st young, kind,
soft, and fair,
And may'st draw thousands with

a hair,
Yet let these glib temptations be
Furies to others, friends to me.

Look upon all; and though on fire
Thou set'st their hearts, let chaste desire
Steer thee to me; and think, me gone,
In having all, that thou hast none.
Nor so immurèd would I have
Thee live, as dead and in thy grave;
But walk abroad, yet wisely well
Stand for my coming, sentinel.
And think, as thou dost walk the street,
Me or my shadow thou dost meet.
I know a thousand greedy eyes
Will on thy features tyrannize,
In my short absence; yet behold
Them like some picture, or some mould
Fashion'd like thee; which though't have ears
And eyes, it neither sees or hears.
Gifts will be sent, and letters, which
Are the expressions of that itch,
And salt, which frets thy suitors; fly
Both, lest thou lose thy liberty;
For, that once lost, thou't fall to one,
Then prostrate to a million.
But if they woo thee, do thou say,
As that chaste Queen of Ithaca
Did to her suitors, this web done,
Undone as oft as done, I'm won.
I will not urge thee, for I know,
Though thou art young, thou canst say no,
And no again, and so deny
Those thy lust-burning incubi.

Hesperides Let them enstyle thee fairest fair,
The pearl of princes, yet despair
That so thou art, because thou must
Believe love speaks it not, but lust;
And this their flattery does commend
Thee chiefly for their pleasure's end.
I am not jealous of thy faith,
Or will be; for the axiom saith:
He that doth suspect does haste
A gentle mind to be unchaste.
No, live thee to thyself, and keep
Thy thoughts as cold as is thy sleep:
And let thy dreams be only fed
With this, that I am in thy bed;
And thou, then turning in that sphere,
Waking shalt find me sleeping there.
But yet if boundless lust must scale
Thy fortress, and will needs prevail,
And wildly force a passage in,
Banish consent, and 'tis no sin
Of thine; so Lucrece fell, and the
Chaste Syracusian Cyane.
So Medullina fell; yet none
Of these had imputation
For the least trespass; 'cause the mind
Here was not with the act combin'd.
The body sins not, 'tis the will
That makes the action good or ill.
And if thy fall should this way come,
Triumph in such a martyrdom.

I will not over-long enlarge
 To thee, this my religious charge.
 Take this compression, so by this
 Means I shall know what other kiss
 Is mixt with mine; and truly know,
 Returning, if't be mine or no;
 Keep it till then; And now, my spouse,
 For my wished safety pay thy vows
 And prayers to Venus; if it please
 The great blue ruler of the seas,
 Not many full-fac'd moons shall wane,
 Lean-horn'd, before I come again
 As one triumphant, when I find
 In thee all faith of womankind.
 Nor would I have thee think that thou
 Hadst power thyself to keep this vow;
 But having 'scaped temptation's shelf,
 Know Virtue taught thee, not thyself.

TO BLOSSOMS.



AIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past,
 But you may stay yet here a while,
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night?

Hesperides 'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride
Like you a while: they glide
Into the grave.

THE OLD WIVES' PRAYER.

 **H**OLY-ROOD, come forth and
shield
Us i'th' city and the field;
Safely guard us, now and aye,
From the blast that burns by day;
And those sounds that us affright
In the dead of dampish night;
Drive all hurtful fiends us fro,
By the time the cocks first crow.

THE WASSAIL.

 **G**IVE way, give way, ye gates, & win
An easy blessing to your bin
And basket, by our entering in.
May both with manchet stand
replete,
Your larders, too, so hung with meat,
That though a thousand, thousand eat,

Yet ere twelve moons shall whirl about
Their silv'ry spheres, there's none may doubt
But more's sent in than was serv'd out.

Next may your dairies prosper so
As that your pans no ebb may know;
But if they do, the more to flow

Like to a solemn sober stream,
Bank'd all with lilies, and the cream
Of sweetest cowslips filling them.

Then may your plants be prest with fruit,
Nor bee or hive you have be mute,
But sweetly sounding like a lute.

Next may your duck and teeming hen
Both to the cock's tread say Amen;
And for their two eggs render ten.

Last, may your harrows, shares, and ploughs,
Your stacks, your stocks, your sweetest mows,
All prosper by your virgin-vows.

Alas! we bless, but see none here,
That brings us either ale or beer;
In a dry house all things are near.

Let's leave a longer time to wait,
Where rust and cobwebs bind the gate;
And all live here with needy fate,

Hesperides Where chimneys do for ever weep
For want of warmth, and stomachs keep,
With noise, the servants' eyes from sleep.

It is in vain to sing, or stay
Our free feet here, but we'll away;
Yet to the Lares this we'll say:

The time will come when you'll be sad,
And reckon this for fortune bad,
T'have lost the good ye might have had.

HOW SPRINGS CAME FIRST.



HESE springs were maidens
once that lov'd,
But lost to that they most approv'd:
My story tells, by Love they were
Turn'd to these springs which
we see here:

The pretty whimpering that they make,
When of the banks their leave they take,
Tells ye but this, they are the same,
In nothing chang'd but in their name.

UPON JULIA'S HAIR FILLED WITH DEW.



DEW sat on Julia's hair,
And spangled too,
Like leaves that laden are
With trembling dew;
Or glitter'd to my sight
As when the beams

Have their reflected light
Danc'd by the streams.

Hesperides

LOSS FROM THE LEAST.

GREAT men by small means oft are overthrown;
He's lord of thy life who contemns his own.

UPON HIMSELF.

I COULD never love indeed,
Never see mine own heart bleed;
Never crucify my life,
Or for widow, maid, or wife.
I could never seek to please
One, or many mistresses;

Never like their lips, to swear
Oil of roses still smelt there.

I could never break my sleep,
Fold mine arms, sob, sigh, or weep;
Never beg or humbly woo,
With oaths and lies, as others do.

I could never walk alone;
Put a shirt of sackcloth on;
Never keep a fast, or pray
For good luck in love that day.

But have hitherto liv'd free,
As the air that circles me;
And kept credit with my heart,
Neither broke i'th' whole or part.

Hesperides

AN ECLOGUE, OR PASTORAL
BETWEEN ENDYMION PORTER
AND LYCIDAS HERRICK. SET AND
SUNG.

Endymion.



H, Lycidas, come tell me why
Thy whilome merry oat
By thee doth so neglected lie,
And never purls a note?
I prithee speak. **Lycidas.** I will.
End. Say on.

Lyc. 'Tis thou, and only thou
That art the cause, Endymion.

End. For love's sake tell me how.

Lyc. In this regard, that thou dost play
Upon another plain;
And for a rural roundelay
Strik'st now a courtly strain.

Thou leav'st our hills, our dales, our bowers,
Our finer-fleeced sheep;
Unkind to us, to spend thine hours,
Where shepherds should not keep.

I mean the court: let Latmos be
My loved Endymion's court;

End. But I the courtly state would see.

Lyc. Then see it in report.

What has the court to do with swains,
Where Phillis is not known?
Nor does it mind the rustic strains
Of us, or Coridon.

Break, if thou lov'st us, this delay.

End. Dear Lycidas, ere long,
I vow by Pan, to come away,
And pipe unto thy song.

Then Jessamine, with Florabel,
And dainty Amaryllis,
With handsome-handed Drosomel,
Shall prank thy hook with lilies.

Lyc. Then Tityrus and Coridon,
And Thyrsis, they shall follow,
With all the rest; while thou alone
Shalt lead, like young Apollo.

And till thou com'st, thy Lycidas,
In every genial cup,
Shall write in spice, Endymion 'twas
That kept his piping up.

And my most lucky swain, when I shall live to see
Endymion's moon to fill up full, remember me;
Meantime, let Lycidas have leave to pipe to thee.

Hesperides TO A BED OF TULIPS.



RIGHT tulips, we do know
You had your coming hither,
And fading time does show
That ye must quickly wither.
Your sisterhoods may stay,
And smile here for your hour;
But die ye must away,
Even as the meanest flower.

Come, virgins, then, and see
Your frailties, and bemoan ye,
For lost like these 'twill be
As time had never known ye.

TO THE WATER NYMPHS, DRINK-
ING AT THE FOUNTAIN.



EACH with your whiter hands
to me
Some crystal of the spring,
And I about the cup shall see
Fresh lilies flourishing.
Or else, sweet nymphs, do you but
this:
To th' glass your lips incline;
And I shall see by that one kiss
The water turned to wine.

UPON A FLY.

Hesperides



GOLDEN fly one showed to me,
Closed in a box of ivory;
Where both seemed proud; the
fly to have
His burial in an ivory grave;
The ivory took state to hold

A corpse as bright as burnished gold.
One fate had both; both equal grace;
The buried and the burying-place.
Not Virgil's gnat, to whom the Spring
All flowers sent to's burying;
Not Martial's bee, which in a bead
Of amber quick was buried;
Nor that fine worm that does inter
Herself i'th' silken sepulchre;
Nor my rare Phil, that lately was
With lilies tomb'd up in a glass;
More honour had than this same fly,
Dead, and clos'd up in ivory.

UPON LOVE.



HELD Love's head while it did
ache;
But so it chanced to be,
The cruel pain did his forsake,
And forthwith came to me.
Ah me! how shall my grief be

stilled?

Or where else shall we find

Hesperides One like to me, who must be kill'd
For being too-too kind?

TO THE LADY CREW, UPON THE
DEATH OF HER CHILD.



Alas, Madam, will ye longer weep,
Whenas your baby's lull'd
asleep,
And, pretty child, feels now no
more
Those pains it lately felt before?

All now is silent; groans are fled;
Your child lies still, yet is not dead;
But rather, like a flower hid here,
To spring again another year.

HIS WINDING-SHEET.



Come thou, who art the wine and
wit
Of all I've writ;
The grace, the glory, and the best
Piece of the rest;
Thou art of what I did intend
The all and end;

And what was made, was made to meet
Thee, thee my sheet;
Come then, and be to my chaste side
Both bed and bride.
We two, as relics left, will have
One rest, one grave;

And, hugging close, we will not fear
Lust entering here,
Where all desires are dead, or cold,
As is the mould;
And all affections are forgot,
Or trouble not.
Here, here the slaves and prisoners be
From shackles free,
And weeping widows, long oppressed,
Do here find rest.
The wrong'd client ends his laws
Here, and his cause;
Here those long suits of Chancery lie
Quiet, or die,
And all Star Chamber bills do cease,
Or hold their peace.
Here needs no Court for our Request,
Where all are best,
All wise, all equal, and all just
Alike i'th' dust.
Nor need we here to fear the frown
Of court or crown.
Where Fortune bears no sway o'er things,
There all are kings.
In this securer place we'll keep,
As lulled asleep;
Or for a little time we'll lie,
As robes laid by;
To be another day re-worn,
Turn'd, but not torn;

Hesperides Or like old testaments engrossed,
Lock'd up, not lost;
And for a while lie here conceal'd,
To be reveal'd
Next, at that great platonic year,
And then meet here.

TO PHILLIS TO LOVE, AND LIVE
WITH HIM.



LIVE, live with me, and thou
shalt see
The pleasures I'll prepare for thee:
What sweets the country can afford
Shall bless thy bed, and bless thy
board.

The soft sweet moss shall be thy bed,
With crawling woodbine overspread;
By which the silver-shedding streams
Shall gently melt thee into dreams.
Thy clothing next shall be a gown
Made of the fleece's purest down;
The tongues of kids shall be thy meat;
Their milk thy drink; and thou shalt eat
The paste of filberts for thy bread,
With cream of cowslips buttered.
Thy feasting-tables shall be hills
With daisies spread, and daffodils;
Where thou shalt sit, and, redbreast by,
For meat, shall give thee melody.
I'll give thee chains and carcanets

Of primroses and violets.
A bag and bottle thou shalt have,
That richly wrought, and this as brave;
So that as either shall express,
The wearer's no mean shepherdess.
At shearing-time, and yearly wakes,
When Themilis his pastime makes,
There thou shalt be, and be the wit,
Nay more, the feast, and grace of it.
On holy days, when virgins meet
To dance the hayes with nimble feet;
Thou shalt come forth, and then appear
The Queen of Roses for that year;
And having danced, 'bove all the best,
Carry the garland from the rest.
In wicker baskets maids shall bring
To thee, my dearest shepherdling,
The blushing apple, bashful pear,
And shame-fac'd plum, all simp'ring there.
Walk in the groves, and thou shalt find
The name of Phillis in the rind
Of every straight and smooth-skin tree;
Where, kissing that, I'll twice kiss thee.
To thee, a sheep-hook I will send,
Bepranked with ribbons, to this end,
This, this alluring hook might be
Less for to catch a sheep than me.
Thou shalt have possets, wassails fine,
Not made of ale, but spicèd wine;
To make thy maids and self free mirth,

Hesperides All sitting near the glitt'ring hearth.
Thou shalt have ribbons, roses, rings,
Gloves, garters, stockings, shoes, and strings
Of winning colours, that shall move
Others to lust, but me to love.
These, nay, and more, thine own shall be,
If thou wilt love and live with me.

TO HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESS
SUSANNA HERRICK.



WHEN I consider, dearest, thou
dost stay
But here awhile, to languish and
decay;
Like to these garden glories,
which here be

The flowery sweet resemblances of thee:
With grief of heart, methinks, I thus do cry,
Would thou hadst ne'er been born, or might'st
not die.

UPON MISTRESS SUSANNA
SOUTHWELL, HER CHEEKS.

RARE are thy cheeks, Susanna, which do show
Ripe cherries smiling, while that others blow.

UPON HER EYES.

CLEAR are her eyes,
Like purest skies;
Discovering from thence

A baby there
That turns each sphere,
Like an intelligence.

Hesperides

UPON HER FEET.

HER pretty feet
Like snails did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they played at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.

UPON HIS GREY HAIRS.



LY me not, though I be grey;
Lady, this I know you'll say,
Better look the roses red
When with white commingled.
Black your hairs are; mine are
white;

This begets the more delight,
When things meet most opposite;
As in pictures we descry
Venus standing Vulcan by.

TO ELECTRA.



IS evening my sweet,
And dark; let us meet;
Long time we've here been a-toying,
And never, as yet,
That season could get
Wherein t'ave had an enjoying.

Hesperides For pity or shame,
Then let not love's flame
Be ever and ever a-spending;
Since now to the port
The path is but short,
And yet our way has no ending.

Time flies away fast,
Our hours do waste,
The while we never remember
How soon our life, here,
Grows old with the year
That dies with the next December.

TO DIANEME.



GIVE me one kiss,
And no more:
If so be this
Makes you poor,
To enrich you
I'll restore

For that one, two
Thousand score.

ANACREONTIC.



BORN I was to be old,
And for to die here;
After that, in the mould
Long for to lie here.
But before that day comes,
Still I be bousing;

For I know, in the tombs
There's no carousing.

Hesperides

MEAT WITHOUT MIRTH.

EATEN I have; and though I had good cheer,
I did not sup, because no friends were there.
Where mirth and friends are absent when we dine
Or sup, there wants the incense and the wine.

AN ODE TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.



ERE we securely live, and eat
The cream of meat;
And keep eternal fires,
By which we sit, and do divine
As wine
And rage inspires.

If full we charm; then call upon
Anacreon
To grace the frantic thyrses:
And having drunk, we raise a shout
Throughout,
To praise his verse.

Then cause we Horace to be read,
Which sung or said,
A goblet, to the brim,
Of lyric wine, both swelled and crowned,
A round
We quaff to him.

Hesperides Thus, thus we live, and spend the hours
In wine and flowers;
And make the frolic year,
The month, the week, the instant day,
To stay
The longer here.

Come then, brave Knight, and see the cell
Wherein I dwell,
And my enchantments too;
Which love and noble freedom is,
And this
Shall fetter you.

Take horse, and come; or be so kind
To send your mind,
Though but in numbers few,
And I shall think I have the heart,
Or part,
Of Clipseby Crew.

HIS CONTENT IN THE COUNTRY.

HERE, here I live with what my board
Can with the smallest cost afford;
Though ne'er so mean the viands be,
They well content my Prue and me:
Or pea or bean, or wort or beet,
Whatever comes, content makes
sweet.

Here we rejoyce because no rent
We pay for our poor tenement,

Wherein we rest, and never fear
 The landlord or the usurer.
 The quarter-day does ne'er affright
 Our peaceful slumbers in the night;
 We eat our own, and batten more,
 Because we feed on no man's score;
 But pity those whose flanks grow great
 Swelled with the lard of others' meat.
 We bless our fortunes when we see
 Our own belovèd privacy;
 And like our living, where we're known
 To very few, or else to none.

THE FAIRIES.

IF ye will with Mab find grace,
 Set each platter in his place;
 Rake the fire up, and get
 Water in, ere sun be set.
 Wash your pails and cleanse your
 dairies,

Sluts are loathsome to the fairies;
 Sweep your house: who doth not so,
 Mab will pinch her by the toe.

ART ABOVE NATURE. TO JULIA.

WHEN I behold a forest spread
 With silken trees upon thy head;
 And when I see that other dress
 Of flowers set in comeliness;
 When I behold another grace
 In the ascent of curious lace,

Hesperides Which, like a pinnacle doth show
The top, and the top-gallant too;
Then, when I see thy tresses bound
Into an oval, square, or round,
And knit in knots far more than I
Can tell by tongue, or true love-tie:
Next, when those lawny films I see
Play with a wild civility,
And all those airy silks to flow,
Alluring me, and tempting so,
I must confess, mine eye and heart
Dotes less on Nature than on Art.

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESS
BRIDGET HERRICK.



WEET Bridget blush'd, and
therewithal,
Fresh blossoms from her cheeks did
fall.
I thought at first 'twas but a dream,
Till after I had handled them,
And smelt them; then they smelt to me
As blossoms of the almond tree.

UPON LOVE.



PLAYED with Love as with the fire
The wanton satyr did;
Nor did I know, or could descry,
What under there was hid.
That satyr he but burnt his lips;
But mine's the greater smart,

For, kissing Love's dissembling chips,
The fire scorch'd my heart.

Hesperides

UPON ELECTRA'S TEARS.

UPON her cheeks she wept, and from those
showers

Sprang up a sweet nativity of flowers.

A HYMN TO THE GRACES.



WHEN I love, as some have told,
Love I shall when I am old;
O ye graces! make me fit
For the welcoming of it.
Clean my rooms, as temples be,
To entertain that deity;

Give me words wherewith to woo,

Suppling and successful too:

Winning postures; and withal,

Manners each way musical:

Sweetness to allay my sour

And unsmooth behaviour:

For I know you have the skill

Vines to prune, though not to kill;

And of any wood ye see,

You can make a Mercury.

Hesperides THE APPARITION OF HIS MISTRESS
CALLING HIM TO ELYSIUM.

Desunt nonnulla....



COME then, and like
two doves with silv'ry
wings,
Let our souls fly to th'
shades, where ever
springs
Sit smiling in the meads;
where balm and oil,
Roses and cassia, crown
the untill'd soil;

Where no disease reigns, or infection comes
To blast the air, but ambergris and gums.
This, that, and ev'ry thicket doth transpire
More sweet than storax from the hallowed fire;
Where every tree a wealthy issue bears
Of fragrant apples, blushing plums, or pears,
And all the shrubs, with sparkling spangles, show
Like morning sunshine, tinselling the dew.
Here in green meadows sits eternal May,
Purfling the margents, while perpetual day
So double gilds the air, as that no night
Can ever rust th' enamel of the light:
Here naked younglings, handsome striplings, run
Their goals for virgins' kisses; which when done,
Then unto dancing forth the learned round
Commixt they meet, with endless roses crown'd.
And here we'll sit on primrose-banks, and see

Love's chorus led by Cupid; and we'll be
Two loving followers too unto the grove
Where poets sing the stories of our love:
There thou shalt hear divine Musæus sing
Of Hero and Leander; then I'll bring
Thee to the stand, where honour'd Homer reads
His Odysseys and his high Iliads;
About whose throne the crowd of poets throng
To hear the incantation of his tongue:
To Linus, then to Pindar; and that done,
I'll bring thee, Herrick, to Anacreon,
Quaffing his full-crown'd bowls of burning wine,
And in his raptures speaking lines of thine,
Like to his subject; and as his frantic
Looks show him truly Bacchanalian like,
Besmear'd with grapes, welcome he shall thee
thither,
Where both may rage, both drink and dance to-
gether.

Then stately Virgil, witty Ovid, by
Whom fair Corinna sits, and doth comply
With ivory wrists his laureat head, and steeps
His eye in dew of kisses while he sleeps.
Then soft Catullus, sharp-fang'd Martial
And towering Lucan, Horace, Juvenal,
And snaky Persius; these, and those whom rage,
Dropt for the jars of heaven, fill'd t'engage
All times unto their frenzies; thou shalt there
Behold them in a spacious theater.
Among which glories, crown'd with sacred bays

Hesperides And flattering ivy, two recite their plays,
Beaumont and Fletcher, swans, to whom all ears
Listen, while they, like sirens in their spheres,
Sing their Evadne: and still more for thee
There yet remains to know than thou canst see
By glim'ring of a fancy: do but come,
And there I'll show thee that capacious room
In which thy father, Jonson, now is plac'd,
As in a globe of radiant fire and grac'd
To be in that orb crown'd, that doth include
Those prophets of the former magnitude,
And he one chief. But hark, I hear the cock,
The bellman of the night, proclaim the clock
Of late struck one; and now I see the prime
Of day break from the pregnant east: 'tis time
I vanish; more I had to say,
But night determines here. Away!

LOVE LIGHTLY PLEASED.



ET fair or foul my mistress be,
Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me;
Or let her walk, or stand, or sit,
The posture hers, I'm pleas'd
with it.
Or let her tongue be still, or stir,
Graceful is everything from her;
Or let her grant, or else deny,
My love will fit each history.

THE PRIMROSE.

Hesperides



ASK me why I send you here
This sweet Infanta of the year?
Ask me why I send to you
This Primrose, thus bepearled
with dew?
I will whisper to your ears,
The sweets of love are mixed with tears.

Ask me why this flower does show
So yellow-green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break?
I will answer, these discover
What fainting hopes are in a lover.

THE TITHE. TO THE BRIDE.



TEN nine times you your bridegroom
kiss,
The tenth you know the parson's
is;
Pay then your tithe; and doing
thus,
Prove in your bride-bed numerous.
If children you have ten, Sir John
Won't for his tenth part ask you one.

A FROLIC.

BRING me my rose-buds, drawer, come;
So, while I thus sit crowned,

Hesperides I'll drink the aged Cecubum
Until the roof turn round.

TO JULIA.



HE saints' bell calls; and Julia, I
must read
The proper lessons for the saints
now dead;
To grace which service, Julia, there
shall be

One holy collect said or sung for thee.
Dead when thou art, dear Julia, thou shalt have
A trental sung by virgins o'er thy grave;
Meantime we two will sing the dirge of these,
Who dead, deserve our best remembrances.

NO LUCK IN LOVE.



DO love I know not what;
Sometimes this and sometimes
that;
All conditions I aim at.
But, as luckless, I have yet
Many shrewd disasters met,

To gain her whom I would get.

Therefore, now I'll love no more,
As I've doted heretofore:
He who must be, shall be poor.

THE HEADACHE.

Hesperides



Y head doth ache,
O Sappho! take
Thy fillet,
And bind the pain;
Or bring some bane
To kill it.

But less that part,
Than my poor heart,
Now is sick:
One kiss from thee
Will counsel be,
And physic.

TO HIS BOOK.

BE bold, my book, nor be abashed, or fear
The cutting thumb-nail, or the brow severe;
But by the Muses swear, all here is good,
If but well read; or, ill read, understood.

HIS PRAYER TO BEN JONSON.



HEN I a verse shall make,
Know I have prayed thee,
For old religion's sake,
Saint Ben, to aid me.
Make the way smooth for me,
When I, thy Herrick,

Honouring thee, on my knee
Offer my Lyric.

Hesperides Candles I'll give to thee,
And a new altar;
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
Writ in my psalter.

TO VULCAN.

THY sooty godhead I desire
Still to be ready with thy fire;
That should my book despised be,
Acceptance it might find of thee.

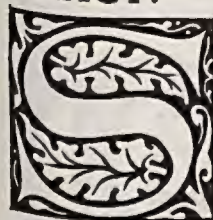
TO THE MAIDS TO WALK ABROAD.



OME, sit we under yonder tree,
Where merry as the maids we'll be;
And as on primroses we sit,
We'll venture, if we can, at wit,
If not, at draw-gloves we will play,
So spend some minutes of the day;
Or else spin out the thread of sands,
Playing at questions and commands:
Or tell what strange tricks love can do,
By quickly making one of two.
Thus we will sit and talk, but tell
No cruel truths of Philomel,
Or Phillis, whom hard fate forc'd on
To kill herself for Demophon;
But fables we'll relate; how Jove
Put on all shapes to get a love,
As now a satyr, then a swan;
A bull but then; and now a man.

Next, we will act how young men woo,
 And sigh and kiss as lovers do;
 And talk of brides, and who shall make
 That wedding-smock, this bridal cake,
 That dress, this sprig, that leaf, this vine;
 That smooth and silken columbine.
 This done, we'll draw lots who shall buy
 And gild the bays and rosemary;
 What posies for our wedding rings,
 What gloves we'll give, and ribbonings;
 And smiling at ourselves, decree
 Who then the joining priest shall be;
 What short sweet prayers shall be said,
 And how the posset shall be made
 With cream of lilies, not of kine,
 And maiden's blush for spiced wine.
 Thus having talked, we'll next commend
 A kiss to each; and so we'll end.

A NUPTIAL VERSE TO MISTRESS
 ELIZABETH LEE, NOW LADY
 TRACY.



SPRING with the lark, most
 comely bride, and meet
 Your eager bridegroom with aus-
 picious feet.
 The morn's far spent, and the
 immortal sun

Corals his cheeks to see those rites not done.
 Fie lovely maid! indeed you are too slow,

Hesperides When to the temple love should run, not go.
Dispatch your dressing then, and quickly wed;
Then feast, and coy't a little; then to bed.
This day is Love's day; and this busy night
Is yours, in which you challeng'd are to fight
With such an arm'd, but such an easy foe,
As will, if you yield, lie down conquer'd too.
The field is pitch'd; but such must be your wars
As that your kisses must outvie the stars.
Fall down together, vanquished both, and lie
Drown'd in the blood of rubies there, not die.

THE NIGHT-PIECE. TO JULIA.



ER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend
thee.

No Will-o'-the-Wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
 Thus, thus to come unto me;
 And when I shall meet
 Thy silvery feet,
 My soul I'll pour into thee.

TO SIR CLIPSEBY CREW.

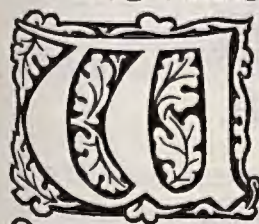


IVE me wine, and give me meat,
 To create in me a heat,
 That my pulses high may beat.
 Cold and hunger never yet
 Could a noble verse beget;
 But your bowls with sack replete.

Give me these, my knight, and try
 In a minute's space how I
 Can run mad, and prophesy.

Then if any piece proves new
 And rare, I'll say, my dearest Crew,
 It was full inspir'd by you.

TO HIS VERSES.



HAT will ye, my poor or-
 phans, do,
 When I must leave the world
 and you?
 Who'll give ye then a shelt'-
 ring shed,
 Or credit ye, when I am dead?

Hesperides Who'll let ye by their fire sit,
Although ye have a stock of wit
Already coin'd to pay for it?
I cannot tell; unless there be
Some race of old humanity
Left, of the large heart and long hand,
Alive, as noble Westmoreland;
Or gallant Newark; which brave two
May fost'ring fathers be to you.
If not; expect to be no less
Ill-us'd than babes left fatherless.

UPON LOVE.



IN a dream, Love bade me go
To the galleys there to row;
In the vision I asked, why?
Love as briefly did reply:
'Twas better there to toil, than prove
The turmoils they endure that love.
I awoke, and then I knew
What Love said was too-too true:
Henceforth therefore I will be
As from love, from trouble free:
None pities him that's in the snare,
And warn'd before, would not beware.

THE COBBLER'S CATCH.

COME sit we by the fireside
And roundly drink we here,
Till that we see our cheeks ale-dyed,
And noses tann'd with beer.

CONNUBII FLORES; OR, THE WELL- **Hesperides**
WISHES AT WEDDINGS.

Chorus Sacerdotum.



FROM the temple to
your home
May a thousand bles-
sings come!
And a sweet concurring
stream
Of all joys, to join with
them.

Chorus Juvenum.

Happy day,

Make no long stay
Here
In thy sphere,
But give thy place to night,
That she
As thee,
May be
Partaker of the sight.
And since it was thy care
To see the younglings wed;
'Tis fit that night, the pair,
Should see safe brought to bed.

Chorus Senum.

Go to your banquet then, but use delight
So as to rise still with an appetite:
Love is a thing most nice; and must be fed

Hesperides To such a height; but never surfeited.
What is beyond the mean is ever ill;
'Tis best to feed love, but not over-fill:
Go then discreetly to the bed of pleasure,
And this remember, virtue keeps the measure.

Chorus Virginum.

Lucky signs we have descried
To encourage on the bride;
And to these we have espied,
Not a kissing Cupid flies
Here about, but has his eyes,
To imply your love is wise.

Chorus Pastorum.

Here we present a fleece
To make a piece
Of cloth;
Nor, fair, must you be loth
Your finger to apply
To housewifery:
Then, then begin
To spin;
And, sweetling, mark you, what a web will come
Into your chests, drawn by your painful thumb.

Chorus Matronarum.

Set you to your wheel, and wax
Rich, by the ductile wool and flax!
Yarn is an income, and the housewife's thread
The larder fills with meat, the bin with bread.

Chorus Senum.

Let wealth come in by comely thrift,
And not by any sordid shift;
'Tis haste
Makes waste:
Extremes have still their fault;
The softest fire makes the sweetest malt;
Who gripes too hard the dry and slippery sand,
Holds none at all, or little in his hand.

Chorus Virginum.

Goddess of pleasure, youth, and peace,
Give them the blessing of increase;
And thou, Lucina, that dost hear
The vows of those that children bear;
When as her April hour draws near,
Be thou then propitious there.

Chorus Juvenum.

Far hence be all speech that may anger move;
Sweet words must nourish soft and gentle love.

Chorus Omnium.

Live in the love of doves, and having told
The raven's years, go hence more ripe than old.

Hesperides TO HIS LOVELY MISTRESSES.



NE night i'th' year, my dearest
beauties, come
And bring those dew-drink offer-
ings to my tomb;
When thence ye see my reverend
ghost to rise,

And there to lick th' effused sacrifice,
Though paleness be the livery that I wear,
Look ye not wan or colourless for fear;
Trust me, I will not hurt ye, or once show
The least grim look, or cast a frown on you:
Nor shall the tapers, when I'm there, burn blue.
This I may do, perhaps, as I glide by,
Cast on my girls a glance, and loving eye;
Or fold mine arms, and sigh, because I've lost
The world so soon, and in it you the most:
Than these, no fears more on your fancies fall,
Though then I smile, and speak no words at all.

UPON LOVE.



CRYSTAL vial Cupid brought,
Which had a juice in it;
Of which who drank, he said, no
thought
Of love he should admit.
I, greedy of the prize, did drink,
And emptied soon the glass,
Which burnt me so, that I do think
The fire of hell it was.

Give me my earthen cups again,
 The crystal I contemn;
 Which though enchas'd with pearls, contain
 A deadly draught in them.

And thou, O Cupid! come not to
 My threshold, since I see,
 For all I have, or else can do,
 Thou still wilt cozen me.

THE BEGGAR TOMAB, THE FAIRY QUEEN.



LEASE, your grace, from out
 your store
 Give an alms to one that's poor.
 That your mickle may have more.
 Black I'm grown for want of meat,
 Give me then an ant to eat,

Or the cleft ear of a mouse
 Over-sour'd in drink of souce;
 Or, sweet lady, reach to me
 The abdomen of a bee;
 Or commend a cricket's hip,
 Or his huckson, to my scrip;
 Give for bread a little bit
 Of a pease that 'gins to chit,
 And my full thanks take for it.
 Flour of fuzz-balls, that's too good
 For a man in needy-hood;
 But the meal of mill-dust can

Hesperides Well content a craving man.
Any orts the elves refuse
Well will serve the beggar's use.
But if this may seem too much
For an alms, then give me such
Little bits that nestle there
In the pris'ner's pannier.
So a blessing light upon
You, and mighty Oberon;
That your plenty last till when
I return your alms again.

UPON A CHILD.

HERE a pretty baby lies
Sung asleep with lullabies;
Pray be silent, and not stir
Th' easy earth that covers her.

FAREWELL FROST; OR, WELCOME
SPRING.



LED are the frosts, and now the
fields appear
Reclothed in fresh and verdant
diaper;
Thaw'd are the snows, and now
the lusty Spring
Gives to each mead a neat enamelling;
The palms put forth their gems, and every tree
Now swaggers in her leafy gallantry.
The while the Daulian minstrel sweetly sings

With warbling notes, her Terean sufferings,
 What gentle winds perspire! as if here
 Never had been the northern plunderer,
 To strip the trees and fields, to their distress,
 Leaving them to a pitied nakedness.
 And look how when a frantic storm doth tear
 A stubborn oak or holm, long growing there,
 But, lulled to calmness, then succeeds a breeze
 That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of trees;
 So when this war, which tempest-like doth spoil
 Our salt, our corn, our honey, wine and oil,
 Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast
 His inconsiderate frenzy off at last,
 The gentle dove may, when these turmoils cease,
 Bring in her bill, once more, the branch of peace.

THE HAG.



HE hag is astride
 This night for to ride,
 The devil and she together;
 Through thick and through thin,
 Now out and then in,
 Though ne'er so foul be the weather,

A thorn or a burr
 She takes for a spur,
 With a lash of a bramble she rides now;
 Through brakes and through briars,
 O'er ditches and mires,
 She follows the spirit that guides now.

Hesperides No beast, for his food,
Dares now range the wood,
But hushed in his lair he lies lurking;
While mischiefs by these,
On land and on seas,
At noon of night are a-working.

The storm will arise
And trouble the skies;
This night, and more for the wonder,
The ghost from the tomb
Affrighted shall come,
Call'd out by the clap of the thunder.

TO HIS CLOSET GODS.



WHEN I go hence, ye closet gods,
I fear
Never again to have ingression
here;
Where I have had whatever
things could be
Pleasant and precious to my muse and me.
Besides rare sweets, I had a book which none
Could read the intext but myself alone.
About the cover of this book there went
A curious-comely, clean compartlement;
And in the midst, to grace it more, was set
A blushing pretty-peeping rubylet;
But now 'tis clos'd, and being shut and seal'd,
Be it, oh be it never more revealed!

Keep here still, closet gods, 'fore whom I've set **Hesperides**
Oblations oft of sweetest marmeleet.

A BACCHANALIAN VERSE.



FILL me a mighty bowl
Up to the brim;
That I may drink
Unto my Jonson's soul.
Crown it again, again;
And thrice repeat

That happy heat,
To drink to thee, my Ben.

Well I can quaff, I see,
To th' number five,
Or nine; but thrive
In frenzy ne'er like thee.

A HYMN TO THE MUSES.



YOU the Virgins Nine!
That do our souls incline
To noble discipline,
Nod to this vow of mine:
Come then, and now inspire
My viol and my lyre

With your eternal fire,
And make me one entire
Composer in your quire.
Then I'll your altars strew
With roses sweet and new;

Hesperides And ever live a true
Acknowledger of you.

ON HIMSELF.



LL sing no more, nor will I
longer write
Of that sweet lady, or that gallant
knight;
I'll sing no more of frosts, snows,
dews, and showers;

No more of groves, meads, springs, and wreaths
of flowers;

I'll write no more, nor will I tell or sing
Of Cupid, and his witty cozening;
I'll sing no more of death, or shall the grave
No more my dirges and my trentals have.

THE COUNTRY LIFE. TO THE
HONOURED MR. END. PORTER,
GROOM OF THE BEDCHAMBER
TO HIS MAJESTY.



WEET country life, to
such unknown
Whose lives are others',
not their own!
But, serving courts and
cities, be
Less happy, less enjoy'
ing thee.
Thou never plough'st
the ocean's foam

To seek and bring rough pepper home;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorched clove;
Nor, with the loss of thy lov'd rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the West:
No, thy ambition's masterpiece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
All scores; and so to end the year:
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
Not envying others' larger grounds,
For well thou know'st, 'tis not th' extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,
Calls forth the lily-wristed morn,
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
Which, though well soil'd, yet thou dost know
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands.
There at the plough thou find'st thy team,
With a hind whistling there to them,
And cheer'st them up by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plough.
This done, then to th' enamelled meads
Thou goest, and as thy foot there treads,
Thou seest a present Godlike power
Imprinted in each herb and flower,
And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat

Hesperides

Unto the dewlaps up in meat:
And as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
The heifer, cow, and ox draw near,
To make a pleasing pastime there.
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grass as backs with wool,
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A shepherd piping on a hill.
For sports, for pageantry, and plays,
Thou hast thy eves and holidays;
On which the young men and maids meet
To exercise their dancing feet,
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffodils and daisies crown'd.
Thy wakes, thy quintals, here thou hast,
Thy Maypoles too with garlands grac'd,
Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun-ale,
Thy shearing-feast, which never fail;
Thy harvest home, thy wassail bowl,
That's tost up after fox-i'-th'-hole,
Thy mummeries, thy Twelfth-tide kings
And queens, thy Christmas revellings,
Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit;
And no man pays too dear for it.
To these thou hast thy times to go
And trace the hare i'th' treacherous snow;
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The lark into the trammel net;

Thou hast thy cockrood and thy glade
 To take the precious pheasant made;
 Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pitfalls then,
 To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
 O happy life! if that their good
 The husbandmen but understood!
 Who all the day themselves do please,
 And younglings, with such sports as these,
 And, lying down, have nought t'affright
 Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

Cætera desunt.....

TO ELECTRA.



DARE not ask a kiss,
 I dare not beg a smile;
 Lest having that or this,
 I might grow proud the while.
 No, no, the utmost share
 Of my desire shall be

Only to kiss that air
 That lately kissèd thee.

WHAT KIND OF MISTRESS HE
 WOULD HAVE.



BE the mistress of my choice
 Clean in manners, clear in voice;
 Be she witty more than wise,
 Pure enough, though not precise;
 Be she showing in her dress
 Like a civil wilderness,

Hesperides That the curious may detect
Order in a sweet neglect:
Be she rolling in her eye,
Tempting all the passers-by,
And each ringlet of her hair
An enchantment or a snare,
For to catch the lookers-on;
But herself held fast by none.
Let her Lucrece all day be,
Thais in the night to me.
Be she such as neither will
Famish me, nor over-fill.

A PARANÆTICAL OR ADVISIVE
VERSE TO HIS FRIEND, MR. JOHN
WICKS.



S this a life, to break thy sleep,
To rise as soon as day doth peep?
To tire thy patient ox or ass
By noon, and let thy good days
pass,
Not knowing this, that Jove de-
crees
Some mirth t'adulce man's miseries?
No; 'tis a life, to have thine oil
Without extortion from thy soil;
Thy faithful fields to yield thee grain
Although with some, yet little pain:
To have thy mind and nuptial bed
With fears and cares uncumbered;

A pleasing wife, that by thy side
Lies softly panting like a bride.
This is to live, and to endear
Those minutes time has lent us here.
Then, while fates suffer, live thou free
As is that air that circles thee,
And crown thy temples too, and let
Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat
To strut thy barns with sheafs of wheat.
Time steals away like to a stream,
And we glide hence away with them:
No sound recalls the hours once fled,
Or roses being witherèd:
Nor us, my friend, when we are lost,
Like to a dew, or melted frost.
Then live we mirthful while we should,
And turn the iron age to gold.
Let's feast and frolic, sing and play,
And thus, less last, than live our day.
Whose life with care is overcast,
That man's not said to live but last;
Nor is't a life seven years to tell,
But for to live that half seven well:
And that we'll do, as men who know,
Some few sands spent, we hence must go,
Both to be blended in the urn
From whence there's never a return.

Hesperides A HYMN TO THE LARES.



T was, and still my care is,
To worship ye, the Lares,
With crowns of greenest parsley,
And garlic chives not scarcely;
For favours here to warm me,
And not by fire to harm me;
For gladding so my hearth here
With inoffensive mirth here;
That while the wassail bowl here
With Northdown ale doth troll here,
No syllable doth fall here,
To mar the mirth at all here.
For which, O chimney-keepers!
I dare not call ye sweepers,
So long as I am able
To keep a country table,
Great be my fare or small cheer,
I'll eat and drink up all here.

TO FORTUNE.



U MBLE me down, and I will sit
Upon my ruins, smiling yet;
Tear me to tatters, yet I'll be
Patient in my necessity.
Laugh at my scraps of clothes,
and shun
Me as a fear'd infection:
Yet, scarecrow-like, I'll walk, as one
Neglecting thy derision.

TO ANTHEA.

Hesperides



COME, Anthea, know thou this,
Love at no time idle is:
Let's be doing, though we play
But at push-pin half the day:
Chains of sweet bents let us
make,

Captive one, or both, to take;
In which bondage we will lie,
Souls transfusing thus, and die.

UPON HIS VERSES.



HAT offspring other men have got,
The how, where, when, I question not.
These are the children I have left;
Adopted some, none got by theft;
But all are touched, like lawful plate,
And no verse illegitimate.

THE FUNERAL RITES OF THE ROSE.



HE rose was sick, and smiling died;
And, being to be sanctified,
About the bed, there sighing
stood

The sweet and flowery sisterhood.
Some hung the head, while some

did bring,
To wash her, water from the spring;
Some laid her forth, while others wept,

Hesperides But all a solemn fast there kept.
The holy sisters, some among,
The sacred dirge and trental sung;
But ah! what sweets smelt everywhere,
As heaven had spent all perfumes there.
At last, when prayers for the dead,
And rites were all accomplishèd;
They, weeping, spread a lawny loom,
And clos'd her up as in a tomb.

THE RAINBOW: OR, CURIOUS COVENANT.



INE eyes, like clouds, were
drizzling rain;
And, as they thus did entertain
The gentle beams from Julia's
sight
To mine eyes levell'd opposite,
O thing admir'd! there did appear
A curious rainbow smiling there,
Which was the covenant, that she
No more would drown mine eyes, or me.

STOOL-BALL.



T stool-ball, Lucia, let us play,
For sugar-cakes and wine;
Or for a tansy let us pay
The loss, or thine or mine.
If thou, my dear, a winner be
At trundling of the ball,

The wager thou shalt have, and me,
And my misfortunes all.

Hesperides

But if, my sweetest, I shall get,
Then I desire but this,
That likewise I may pay the bet,
And have for all a kiss.

TO SAPPHO.



LET us now take time and play,
Love, and live here while we
may;
Drink rich wine, and make good
cheer,
While we have our being here:
For, once dead, and laid i'th' grave,
No return from thence we have.

THE MAYPOLE.



LET Maypole is up,
Now give me the cup,
I'll drink to the garlands around it;
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

A health to my girls
Whose husbands may earls
Or lords be, granting my wishes;
And when that ye wed

Hesperides To the bridal bed,
Then multiply all, like to fishes.

MEN MIND NO STATE IN SICKNESS.

 **H**AT flow of gallants which approach
To kiss thy hand from out the coach;
That fleet of lackeys which do run
Before thy swift postilion;
Those strong-hoof'd mules, which we
behold

Rein'd in with purple, pearl, and gold,
And shod with silver, prove to be
The drawers of the axle-tree;
Thy wife, thy children, and the state
Of Persian looms, and antique plate:
All these, and more, shall then afford
No joy to thee, their sickly lord.

THE BRACELET OF PEARL. TO SILVIA.

 **B**RAKE thy bracelet 'gainst my will,
And, wretched, I did see
Thee discomposèd then, and still
Art discontent with me.
One gem was lost, and I will get
A richer pearl for thee

Than ever, dearest Sylvia, yet
Was drunk to Antony.

Or, for revenge, I'll tell thee what
Thou for the breach shalt do;

First, crack the strings, and after that
Cleave thou my heart in two.

HOW ROSES CAME RED.

'TIS said, as Cupid danced among
The gods, he down the nectar flung,
Which, on the white rose being shed,
Made it for ever after red.

HIS RETURN TO LONDON.



FROM the dull confines of the
drooping West,
To see the day spring from the
pregnant East,
Ravisht in spirit I come, nay
more, I fly

To thee, blest place of my nativity!
Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,
With thousand blessings by thy fortune crown'd.
O fruitful genius! that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty, year by year;
O place! O people! manners! fram'd to please
All nations, customs, kindreds, languages!
I am a free-born Roman; suffer then
That I amongst you live a citizen.
London my home is: though by hard fate sent
Into a long and irksome banishment;
Yet since call'd back, henceforward let me be,
O native country! repossess by thee!
For, rather than I'll to the West return,

Hesperides

I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.
Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall;
Give thou my sacred relics burial.

NOT EVERY DAY FIT FOR VERSE.



IS not every day that I
Fitted am to prophesy;
No, but when the spirit fills
The fantastic pannicles,
Full of fire; then I write
As the Godhead doth indite.

Thus enraged, my lines are hurled,
Like the Sybil's, through the world.
Look how next the holy fire
Either slakes, or doth retire;
So the fancy cools, till when
That brave spirit comes again.

A BUCOLIC; OR, DISCOURSE OF NEATHERDS.



OME, blitheful neatherds, let us ^{lay}
A wager, who the best shall play,
Of thee, or I, the roundelay
That fits the business of the day.
Chorus. And Lalage the judge
shall be,

To give the prize to thee or me.

2. Content, begin, and I will bet
A heifer, smooth and black as jet,

In every part alike complete,
And wanton as a kid as yet.

Hesperides

Chor. And Lalage, with cow-like eyes,
Shall be disposeress of the prize.

1. Against thy heifer, I will here
Lay to thy stake a lusty steer,
With gilded horns and burnisht clear.

Chor. Why then begin, and let us hear
The soft, the sweet, the mellow note
That gently purls from either's oat.

2. The stakes are laid; let's now apply
Each one to make his melody;

Lalage. The equal umpire shall be I,
Who'll hear, and so judge righteously.

Chor. Much time is spent in prate; begin,
And sooner play, the sooner win. **He plays.**

1. That's sweetly touch'd; I must confess
Thou art a man of worthiness;
But hark how I can now express
My love unto my neatherdess.

He sings.

Chor. A sugared note! and sound as sweet
As kine when they at milking meet.

Hesperides 1. Now for to win thy heifer fair,
I'll strike thee such a nimble air,
That thou shalt say, thyself, 'tis rare,
And title me without compare.

Chor. Lay by awhile your pipes, and rest,
Since both have here deserved best.

2. To get thy steerling once again,
I'll play thee such another strain,
That thou shalt swear my pipe does reign
Over thine oat, as sovereign. **He sings.**

Chor. And Lalage shall tell by this
Whose now the prize and wager is.

1. Give me the prize. 2. The day is mine.
1. Not so; my pipe has silenced thine;
And hadst thou wager'd twenty kine,
They were mine own. **Lal.** In love combine.

Chor. And lay we down our pipes together,
As weary, not o'ercome by either.

PROOF TO NO PURPOSE.



YOU see this gentle stream, that
glides,
Shoved on by quick succeeding
tides:
Try if this sober stream you can
Follow to th' wilder ocean:

And see if there it keeps unspent
 In that congesting element.
 Next, from that world of waters, then
 By pores and caverns back again
 Induct that inadulterate same
 Stream to the spring from whence it came.
 This with a wonder when ye do,
 As easy and else easier too,
 Then may ye recollect the grains
 Of my particular remains,
 After a thousand lustres hurl'd
 By ruffling winds, about the world.

TO THE GENIUS OF HIS HOUSE.



COMMAND the roof, great
 Genius, and from thence
 Into this house pour down thy
 influence,
 That through each room a golden
 pipe may run

Of living water by thy benison;
 Fulfil the larders, and with strengthening bread
 Be evermore these bins replenished.
 Next, like a bishop consecrate my ground,
 That lucky fairies here may dance their round;
 And after that lay down some silver pence,
 The master's charge and care to recompense.
 Charm then the chambers, make the beds for ease
 More than for peevish pining sicknesses;
 Fix the foundation fast, and let the roof
 Grow old with time, but yet keep weatherproof.

Hesperides

HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH.



HOUGH clock,
To tell how night draws hence, I've
none,
A cock
I have, to sing how day draws on.
I have

A maid, my Prue, by good luck sent
To save
That little, Fates me gave or lent:
A hen
I keep, which, creaking day by day,
Tells when
She goes her long white egg to lay:
A goose
I have, which, with a jealous ear,
Lets loose
Her tongue to tell what danger's near:
A lamb
I keep, tame, with my morsels fed,
Whose dam
An orphan left him, lately dead:
A cat
I keep, that plays about my house,
Grown fat
With eating many a miching mouse.
To these
A trasy I do keep, whereby
I please
The more my rural privacy:

Which are
But toys, to give my heart some ease:
Where care
None is, slight things do lightly please.

CHARON AND PHILOMEL: A DIA- LOGUE SUNG.

Philomel.



HARON, O gentle Charon, let
me woo thee,
By tears and pity now to come
unto me.

Charon. What voice so sweet and
charming do I hear?

Say, what thou art. *Ph.* I prithee first draw near.

Ch. A sound I hear, but nothing yet can see;

Speak where thou art. *Ph.* O Charon, pity me!

I am a bird, and though no name I tell,

My warbling note will say I'm Philomel.

Ch. What's that to me? I waft nor fish or fowls,

Nor beasts, fond thing, but only human souls.

Ph. Alas, for me! *Ch.* Shame on thy witching
note,

That made me thus hoist sail, & bring my boat:

But I'll return; what mischief brought thee
hither?

Ph. A deal of love, & much, much grief together.

Ch. What's thy request? *Ph.* That since she's
now beneath

Who fed my life, I'll follow her in death.

Hesperides **Ch.** And is that all? I'm gone. **Ph.** By love, I pray thee.

Ch. Talk not of love; all pray, but few souls pay me.

Ph. I'll give thee vows and tears. **Ch.** Can tears pay scores

For mending sails, for patching boat and oars?

Ph. I'll beg a penny, or I'll sing so long
Till thou shalt say I've paid thee with a song.

Ch. Why, then begin, and all the while we make
Our slothful passage o'er the Stygian lake,
Thou and I'll sing to make these dull shades
merry,

Who else with tears would doubtless drown my
ferry.

A TERNARY OF LITTLES, UPON A
PIPKIN OF JELLY SENT TO A LADY.



LITTLE saint best fits a little
shrine,

A little prop best fits a little vine;

As my small cruse best fits my
little wine.

A little seed best fits a little soil,

A little trade best fits a little toil;

As my small jar best fits my little oil.

A little bin best fits a little bread,

A little garland fits a little head;

As my small stuff best fits my little shed.

A little hearth best fits a little fire,
 A little chapel fits a little quire;
 As my small bell best fits my little spire.

A little stream best fits a little boat;
 A little lead best fits a little float;
 As my small pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little belly,
 As sweetly, lady, give me leave to tell ye,
 This little pipkin fits this little jelly.

UPON THE ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOM.

THRICE happy roses, so much graced, to have
 Within the bosom of my love your grave!
 Die when ye will, your sepulchre is known,
 Your grave her bosom is, the lawn the stone.

LOVERS, HOW THEY COME AND PART.



GYGES ring they bear about
 them still,
 To be, and not seen when and
 where they will;
 They tread on clouds, and though
 they sometimes fall,
 They fall like dew, but make no noise at all:
 So silently they one to th' other come,
 As colours steal into the pear or plum,

Hesperides And, air-like, leave no 'pression to be seen
Where'er they met, or parting-place has been.

THE APRON OF FLOWERS.



O gather flowers Sappha went,
And homeward she did bring
Within her lawny continent
The treasure of the spring.
She smiling blusht, and blushing
smiled,
And sweetly blushing thus,
She lookt as she'd been got with child
By young Favonius.

Her apron gave, as she did pass,
An odour more divine,
More pleasing too, than ever was
The lap of Proserpine.

TO ELECTRA. LOVE LOOKS FOR LOVE.



LOVE love begets; then never be
Unsoft to him who's smooth to thee.
Tigers and bears, I've heard some
say,
For proffered love will love repay;
None are so harsh, but if they find
Softness in others, will be kind:
Affection will affection move;
Then you must like, because I love.

A SONG.

Hesperides



URN or drown me, choose ye
whether,
So I may but die together,
Thus to slay me by degrees
Is the height of cruelties;
What needs twenty stabs, when

one

Strikes me dead as any stone?

O, show mercy then, and be

Kind at once to murder me.

THE WAKE.



OME, Anthea, let us two
Go to feast, as others do:
Tarts and custards, creams and
cakes,
Are the junkets still at wakes;
Unto which the tribes resort,

Where the business is the sport:

Morris-dancers thou shalt see,

Marian, too, in pageantry:

And a mimic to devise

Many grinning properties.

Players there will be, and those

Base in action as in clothes;

Yet with strutting they will please

The incurious villages.

Near the dying of the day

There will be a cudgel-play,

Hesperides Where a coxcomb will be broke,
Ere a good word can be spoke:
But the anger ends all here,
Drencht in ale or drowned in beer.
Happy rustics, best content
With the cheapest merriment,
And possess no other fear
Than to want the wake next year.

A CONJURATION. TO ELECTRA.



Y those soft tods of wool,
With which the air is full;
By all those tinctures there,
That paint the hemisphere;
By dews and drizzling rain,
That swell the golden grain;
By all those sweets that be
I'th' flowery nunnery;
By silent nights, and the
Three forms of Hecate;
By all aspects that bless
The sober sorceress,
While juice she strains, and pith
To make her philtres with;
By time, that hastens on
Things to perfection;
And by yourself, the best
Conjurement of the rest;
Oh, my Electra! be
In love with none but me.

THE SPELL.

Hesperides



ONLY water come and bring;
Cast in salt for seasoning;
Set the brush for sprinkling;
Sacred spittle bring ye hither;
Meal and it now mix together;
And a little oil to either;

Give the tapers here their light;
Ring the saints' bell, to affright
Far from hence the evil sprite.

HIS WISH TO PRIVACY.



GIVE me a cell
To dwell,
Where no foot hath
A path;
There will I spend,
And end

My wearied years
In tears.

A HYMN TO BACCHUS.



SING thy praise, Iacchus,
Who with thy Thyrses dost
thwack us:
And yet thou so dost back us
With boldness, that we fear
No Brutus ent'ring here,

Nor Cato the severe.

What though the lictors threat us,

Hesperides We know they dare not beat us,
So long as thou dost heat us.
When we thy orgies sing,
Each cobbler is a king,
Nor dreads he anything;
And though he do not rave,
Yet he'll the courage have
To call my Lord Mayor knave;
Besides too, in a brave,
Although he has no riches,
But walks with dangling breeches,
And skirts that want their stitches,
And shows his naked flitches;
Yet he'll be thought or seen,
So good as George-a-Green,
And calls his blouze his queen,
And speaks in language keen.
Oh Bacchus! let us be
From cares and troubles free;
And thou shalt hear how we
Will chant new hymns to thee.

A PSALM OR HYMN TO THE
GRACES.



GLORY be to the Graces!
That do in public places,
Drive thence whate'er encumbers
The listening to my numbers.
Honour be to the Graces!
Who do with sweet embraces,

Show they are well contented
With what I have invented.

Hesperides

Worship be to the Graces!
Who do from sour faces,
And lungs that would infect me,
For evermore protect me!

AN HYMN TO THE MUSES.

HONOUR to you who sit
Near to the well of wit,
And drink your fill of it!
Glory and worship be
To you, sweet maids, thrice three,
Who still inspire me;

And teach me how to sing,
Unto the lyric string,
My measures ravishing.

Then while I sing your praise,
My priesthood crown with bays,
Green, to the end of days.

UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES

WHEN as in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how
sweetly flows,
That liquefaction of her clothes.
Next, when I cast mine eyes, and
see

Hesperides That brave vibration each way free;
Oh, how that glittering taketh me!

UPON PRUE, HIS MAID.

IN this little urn is laid
Prudence Baldwin, once my maid,
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple violet.

CEREMONIES FOR CHRISTMAS.



OME, bring with a noise,
My merry merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your hearts' desiring.

With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psalteries play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a-teending.

Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loaf here,
The while the meat is a-shredding;
For the rare mince-pie,
And the plums stand by,
To fill the paste that's a-kneading.

CHRISTMAS EVE. ANOTHER
CEREMONY.

Hesperides



COME, guard this night the
Christmas-pie,
That the thief, though ne'er so sly,
With his flesh-hooks, don't come
nigh
To catch it

From him who alone sits there,
Having his eyes still in his ear,
And a deal of nightly fear,
To watch it.

TO HIS DEAR VALENTINE, MIS-
TRESS MARGARET FALCON-
BRIDGE.



NOW is your turn, my dearest, to
be set
A gem in this eternal coronet;
'T was rich before, but since your
name is down,
It sparkles now like Ariadne's
crown.

Blaze by this sphere for ever: or this do,
Let me and it shine evermore by you.

Hesperides ORPHEUS.



ORPHEUS he went, as poets tell,
To fetch Eurydice from hell:
And had her; but it was upon
This short but strict condition:
Backward he should not look
while he

Led her through hell's obscurity.
But ah! it happened, as he made
His passage through that dreadful shade,
Revolve he did his loving eye,
For gentle fear or jealousy;
And looking back, that look did sever
Him and Eurydice for ever.

TO SAPPHO.



SAPPHO, I will choose to go
Where the northern winds do
blow
Endless ice and endless snow,
Rather than I once would see
But a winter's face in thee,
To benumb my hopes and me.

THE MAIDEN-BLUSH.



O look the mornings when the
sun
Paints them with fresh vermi-
lion;
So cherries blush, and Katherne
pears,

And apricocks in youthful years;
 So corals look more lovely red,
 And rubies lately polished;
 So purest diaper doth shine,
 Stain'd by the beams of claret wine;
 As Julia looks when she doth dress
 Her either cheek with bashfulness.

PURGATORY.



READERS, we entreat ye pray
 For the soul of Lucia;
 That in little time she be
 From her Purgatory free;
 In th' interim she desires
 That your tears may cool her fires.

THE CLOUD.

SEE'ST thou that cloud that rides in state,
 Part ruby-like, part candidate!
 It is no other than the bed
 Where Venus sleeps, half-smothered.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.



IMMORTAL clothing I put on
 So soon as, Julia, I am gone
 To mine eternal mansion.
 Thou, thou art here, to human
 sight,
 Clothed all with incorrupted light,
 But yet how more admir'dly bright

Hesperides Wilt thou appear, when thou art set
In thy refulgent thronelet,
That shin'st thus in thy counterfeit?

TO JULIA, IN HER DAWN OR DAY-
BREAK.



Y the next kindling of the day,
My Julia, thou shalt see,
Ere Ave-Mary thou canst say,
I'll come and visit thee.
Yet, ere thou counsell'st with thy
glass,

Appear thou to mine eyes
As smooth and nak'd as she that was
The prime of Paradise.

If blush thou must, then blush thou through
A lawn, that thou may'st look
As purest pearls or pebbles do
When peeping through a brook.

As lilies shrined in crystal, so
Do thou to me appear;
Or damask roses, when they grow
To sweet acquaintance there.

TO DIANEME.

Hesperides



COULD but see thee yesterday
Stung by a fretful bee;
And I the javelin sucked away,
And heal'd the wound in thee.
A thousand thorns, and briars, &
stings

I have in my poor breast;
Yet ne'er can see that salve which brings
My passions any rest.

As love shall help me, I admire
How thou canst sit and smile
To see me bleed, and not desire
To stanch the blood the while.

If thou, compos'd of gentle mould,
Art so unkind to me,
What dismal stories will be told
Of those that cruel be?

TO ELECTRA.



HALL I go to Love and tell
Thou art all turn'd icicle?
Shall I say, her altars be
Disadorn'd and scorned by thee?
O beware! in time submit;
Love has yet no wrathful fit;

If her patience turns to ire,
Love is then consuming fire.

Hesperides TO MISTRESS AMY POTTER.



H me! I love; give him your hand
to kiss
Who both your wooer and your
poet is.
Nature has precompos'd us both
to love;

Your part's to grant, my scene must be to move.
Dear, can you like, and liking, love your poet?
If you say aye, blush-guiltiness will show it.
Mine eyes must woo you, though I sigh the
while,
True love is tongueless as a crocodile;
And you may find in love these differing parts;
Wooers have tongues of ice, but burning hearts.

UPON A MAID.



ERE she lies, in bed of spice,
Fair as Eve in Paradise;
For her beauty it was such,
Poets could not praise too much.
Virgins come, and in a ring
Her supremest requiem sing;
Then depart, but see ye tread
Lightly, lightly o'er the dead.

THE DELAYING BRIDE.

Hesperides

WHY so slowly do you move
To the centre of your love?
On your niceness though we
wait,
Yet the hours say 'tis late:
Coyness takes us to a measure;
But o'eracted deads the pleasure.
Go to bed, and care not when
Cheerful day shall spring again.
One brave captain did command,
By his word the sun to stand:
One short charm if you but say,
Will enforce the moon to stay;
Till you warn her hence, away,
T'have your blushes seen by day.

TO HIS BOOK.

MAKE haste away, and let one be
A friendly patron unto thee,
Lest rapt from hence, I see
thee lie
Torn for the use of pastery;
Or see thy injured leaves serve

well

To make loose gowns for mackerel;
Or see the grocers, in a trice,
Make hoods of thee to serve out spice.

Hesperides TO MR. HENRY LAWES.



TOUCH but thy lyre, my Harry,
and I hear
From thee some raptures of the
rare Gotiere;
Then if thy voice commingle with
the string,

I hear in thee the rare Laniere to sing,
Or curious Wilson: tell me, canst thou be,
Less than Apollo, that usurp'st such three?
Three, unto whom the whole world give applause;
Yet their three praises, praise but one; that's Lawes.

TO ANTHEA.



ANTHEA, I am going hence
With some small stock of inno-
cence;
But yet those blessed gates I see
Withstanding entrance unto me.
To pray for me do thou begin,
The porter then will let me in.

UPON LOVE.



LOVE brought me to a silent grove,
And show'd me there a tree,
Where some had hang'd them-
selves for love,
And gave a twist to me.
The halter was of silk and gold
That he reach'd forth unto me:

No otherwise than if he would
By dainty things undo me.

Hesperides

He bade me then that necklace use;
And told me too, he maketh
A glorious end by such a noose,
His death for love that taketh.

'Twas but a dream; but had I been
There really alone,
My desperate fears, in love, had seen
Mine execution.

TO SAPPHO.

THOU say'st thou lov'st me, Sappho; I say no;
But would to Love I could believe 'twas so!
Pardon my fears, sweet Sappho; I desire
That thou be righteous found; and I the liar.

THE SACRIFICE, BY WAY OF DIS-
COURSE BETWIXT HIMSELF AND
JULIA.

Herrick.



SOME and let's in solemn wise
Both address to sacrifice;
Old religion first commands
That we wash our hearts and
hands.
Is the beast exempt from stain,
Altar clean, no fire profane?

Hesperides Are the garlands, is the nard
Ready here? **Julia.** All well prepar'd,
With the wine that must be shed,
'T wixt the horns, upon the head
Of the holy beast we bring
For our trespass-offering.
Herr. All is well: now, next to these,
Put we on pure surplices;
And with chaplets crown'd, we'll roast
With perfumes the holocaust;
And while we the gods invoke,
Read acceptance by the smoke.

TO APOLLO.

THOU mighty lord and master of the lyre,
Unshorn Apollo, come and re-inspire
My fingers so the lyric strings to move
That I may play and sing a hymn to Love.

AN HYMN TO CUPID.

HOU, thou that bear'st the sway,
With whom the sea-nymphs
play;
And Venus, every way:
When I embrace thy knee,
And make short prayers to thee,
In love then prosper me
This day I go to woo,
Instruct me how to do
This work thou put'st me to.

From shame my face keep free,
 From scorn I beg of thee,
 Love, to deliver me:
 So shall I sing thy praise,
 And to thee altars raise,
 Unto the end of days.

HOW HIS SOUL CAME ENSNARED.



Y soul would one day go and seek
 For roses, and in Julia's cheek
 A riches of those sweets she
 found,
 As in another Rosamond.
 But gathering roses as she was,

Not knowing what would come to pass,
 It chanc'd a ringlet of her hair
 Caught my poor soul, as in a snare,
 Which ever since has been in thrall,
 Yet freedom she enjoys withal.

UPON JULIA'S HAIR BUNDLED UP IN A GOLDEN NET.



ELL me, what needs those rich
 deceits,
 These golden toils and trammel-
 nets,
 To take thine hairs, when they are
 known

Already tame, and all thine own?
 'Tis I am wild, and more than hairs

Hesperides Deserve these meshes, and those snares.
Set free thy tresses; let them flow
As airs do breathe or winds do blow;
And let such curious networks be
Less set for them than spread for me.

THE SHOWER OF BLOSSOMS.



LOVE in a shower of blossoms came
Down, and half-drowned me with
the same;
The blooms that fell were white & red,
But with such sweets commingled,
As whether, this I cannot tell,
My sight was pleas'd more, or my smell:
But true it was, as I roll'd there,
Without a thought of hurt or fear,
Love turned himself into a bee,
And with his javelin wounded me:
From which mishap this use I make:
Where most sweets are, there lies a snake;
Kisses and favours are sweet things;
But those have thorns and these have stings.

A DEFENCE OF WOMEN.



NAUGHT are all women: I say no,
Since for one bad one good I know:
For Clytemnestra most unkind
Loving Alcestis there we find:
For one Medea that was bad
A good Penelope was had:

For wanton Laïs then we have
 Chaste Lucrece, or a wife as grave:
 And thus through womankind we see
 A good and bad. Sirs, credit me.

CHARMS.

BRING the holy crust of bread,
 Lay it underneath the head;
 'Tis a certain charm to keep
 Hags away while children sleep.

ANOTHER.



LET the superstitious wife
 Near the child's heart lay a knife:
 Point be up and haft be down;
 While she gossips in the town,
 This, 'mongst other mystic
 charms,

Keeps the sleeping child from harms.

CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS
EVE.

DOWN with the rosemary and bays,
 Down with the misletoe;
 Instead of holly, now upraise
 The greener box, for show.
 The holly hitherto did sway;
 Let box now domineer

Until the dancing Easter Day;
 Or Easter's eve appear.

Hesperides Then youthful box, which now hath grace
Your houses to renew,
Grown old, surrender must his place
Unto the crisped yew.

When yew is out, then birch comes in,
And many flowers beside,
Both of a fresh and fragrant kin,
To honour Whitsuntide.

Green rushes then, and sweetest bents,
With cooler oaken boughs,
Come in for comely ornaments,
To re-adorn the house.
Thus times do shift; each thing his turn does hold;
New things succeed, as former things grow old.

THE CEREMONIES FOR CANDLE- MAS DAY.

 **K**INDLE the Christmas brand,
and then
Till sunset let it burn;
Which quenched, then lay it up
again
Till Christmas next return.

Part must be kept, wherewith to teend
The Christmas log next year,
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischief there.

TO BIANCHA, TO BLESS HIM.

Hesperides

WOULD I woo, and would I win,
Would I well my work begin;
Would I evermore be crowned
With the end that I propound;
Would I frustrate or prevent
All aspects malevolent;

Thwart all wizards, and with these
Dead all black contingencies;
Place my words, and all works else
In most happy parallels.
All will prosper, if so be
I be kissed or blest by thee.

A SONG UPON SILVIA.

FROM me my Silvia ran away,
And running therewithal
A primrose bank did cross her
way,
And gave my love a fall.
But trust me now I dare not say

What I by chance did see;
But such the drap'ry did betray
That fully ravish'd me.

UPON MR. WILLIAM LAWES, THE
RARE MUSICIAN.



SHOULD I not put on blacks,
when each one here
Comes with his cypress, and devotes
a tear?
Should I not grieve, my Lawes,
when every lute,
Viol, and voice, is, by thy loss, struck mute?
Thy loss, brave man! whose numbers have been
hurl'd,
And no less prais'd than spread throughout the
world:
Some have thee call'd Amphion; some of us
Nam'd thee Terpander, or sweet Orpheus:
Some this, some that; but all in this agree,
Music had both her birth and death with thee.

UPON BEN JONSON.



HERE lies Jonson with the rest
Of the poets; but the best.
Reader, wouldst thou more have
known?
Ask his story, not this stone;
That will speak what this can't tell
Of his glory. So farewell.

AN ODE FOR HIM.

AH, Ben!
Say how or when

Shall we, thy guests,
 Meet at those lyric feasts
 Made at the Sun,
 The Dog, the Triple Tun?
 Where we such clusters had
 As made us nobly wild, not mad?
 And yet each verse of thine
 Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben!
 Or come again,
 Or send to us
 Thy wit's great overplus;
 But teach us yet
 Wisely to husband it,
 Lest we that talent spend:
 And having once brought to an end
 That precious stock; the store
 Of such a wit the world should have no more.

UPON A VIRGIN.

PEND, harmless shade, thy
 nightly hours,
 Selecting here both herbs and
 flowers;
 Of which make garlands here and
 there,
 To dress thy silent sepulchre.
 Nor do thou fear the want of these
 In everlasting properties,

Hesperides Since we fresh strewings will bring hither,
Far faster than the first can wither.

A REQUEST TO THE GRACES.



PONDER my words, if so that
any be
Known guilty here of incivility:
Let what is graceless, discompos'd,
and rude,
With sweetness, smoothness,
softness, be endued;
Teach it to blush, to curtesy, lisp, and show
Demure, but yet, full of temptation too.
Numbers ne'er tickle, or but lightly please,
Unless they have some wanton carriages.
This if ye do, each piece will here be good,
And graceful made, by your neat sisterhood.

HAPPINESS TO HOSPITALITY; OR, A HEARTY WISH TO GOOD HOUSE- KEEPING.



FIRST may the hand of bounty
bring
Into the daily offering
Of full provision such a store,
Till that the cook cries: Bring no
more.
Upon your hogsheads never fall
A drought of wine, ale, beer, at all;
But, like full clouds, may they from thence

Diffuse their mighty influence.
 Next, let the lord and lady here
 Enjoy a christ'ning year by year;
 And this good blessing back them still,
 T'have boys, and girls too, as they will.
 Then from the porch may many a bride
 Unto the holy temple ride:
 And thence return, short prayers said,
 A wife most richly married.
 Last, may the bride and bridegroom be
 Untouch'd by cold sterility;
 But in their springing blood so play,
 As that in lustres few they may,
 By laughing too and lying down,
 People a city or a town.

TO MR. KELLAM.



WHAT! Can my Kellam drink his
 sack
 In goblets to the brim,
 And see his Robin Herrick lack,
 Yet send no bowls to him?
 For love or pity to his Muse,

That she may flow in verse,
 Contemn to recommend a cruse,
 But send to her a tearce.

Hesperides UPON JULIA WASHING HERSELF
IN THE RIVER.



OW fierce was I, when I did see
My Julia wash herself in thee!
So lilies thorough crystal look:
So purest pebbles in the brook:
As in the river Julia did,
Half with a lawn of water hid.

Into thy streams myself I threw,
And struggling there I kiss'd thee too;
And more had done, it is confess'd,
Had not thy waves forbade the rest.

THE BONDMAN.



IND me but to thee with thine hair,
And quickly I shall be
Made, by that fetter or that snare,
A bondman unto thee.
Or if thou tak'st that bond away,
Then bore me through the ear;
And by the law I ought to stay
For ever with thee here.

FAIR SHOWS DECEIVE.



MOOTH was the sea, and seem'd
to call
To pretty girls to play withal:
Who paddling there, the sea soon
frown'd,
And on a sudden both were drown'd.

What credit can we give to seas,
Who, kissing, kill such saints as these?

Hesperides

UPON CUPID.

LOVE, like a beggar, came to me,
With hose and doublet torn,
His shirt bedangling from his
knee,
With hat and shoes outworn.
He asked an alms; I gave him bread,
And meat too, for his need,
Of which, when he had fully fed,
He wished me all good speed.

Away he went, but as he turn'd,
In faith I know not how,
He touch'd me so, as that I burn,
And am tormented now.

Love's silent flames and fires obscure
Then crept into my heart,
And though I saw no bow, I'm sure
His finger was the dart.

AN HYMN TO LOVE.

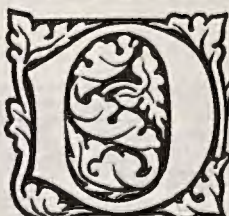
I WILL confess
With cheerfulness,
Love is a thing so likes me,
That, let her lay
On me all day
I'll kiss the hand that strikes me.

Hesperides I will not, I
Now blubb' ring cry;
It, ah! too late repents me,
That I did fall
To love at all,
Since love so much contents me.

No, no, I'll be
In fetters free;
While others they sit wringing
Their hands for pain,
I'll entertain
The wounds of love with singing.

With flowers and wine,
And cakes divine,
To strike me I will tempt thee:
Which done, no more
I'll come before
Thee and thine altars empty.

THE DELUGE.

 **D**ROWNING, drowning, I espy
Coming from my Julia's eye;
'Tis some solace in our smart
To have friends to bear a part:
I have none, but must be sure
The inundation to endure.
Shall not times hereafter tell
This for no mean miracle,

When the waters by their fall
 Threaten'd ruin unto all?
 Yet the deluge here was known
 Of a world to drown but one.

CRUTCHES.

THOU seest me, Lucia, this year
 droop;
 Three zodiacs fill'd more, I shall
 stoop;
 Let crutches then provided be,
 To shore up my debility.
 Then while thou laugh'st; I'll sighing cry,
 A ruin underpropped am I;
 Don will I then my beadsman's gown,
 And when so feeble I am grown
 As my weak shoulders cannot bear
 The burden of a grasshopper:
 Yet with the bench of aged sires,
 When I and they keep termly fires;
 With my weak voice I'll sing or say
 Some odes I made of Lucia;
 Then will I heave my wither'd hand
 To Jove the mighty, for to stand
 Thy faithful friend, and to pour down
 Upon thee many a benison.

Hesperides UPON THE LADY CREW.



HIS stone can tell the story of my
life,
What was my birth, to whom I
was a wife ;
In teeming years how soon my
sun was set,
Where now I rest, these may be known by jet.
For other things, my many children be
The best and truest chronicles of me.

CEREMONY UPON CANDLEMAS
EVE.



DOWN with the rosemary, and so
Down with the bays and misletoe ;
Down with the holly, ivy, all,
Wherewith ye drest the Christ-
mas hall :
That so the superstitious find
No one least branch there left behind ;
For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
So many goblins you shall see.

A BUCOLIC BETWIXT TWO: LACON Hesperides
AND THYRSIS.

Lacon.



OR a kiss or two, confess,
What doth cause this pensiveness,
Thou most lovely neatherdess?
Why so lonely on the hill?
Why thy pipe by thee so still,
That erewhile was heard so shrill?

Tell me, do thy kine now fail
To fulfill the milking-pail?
Say, what is't that thou dost ail?

Thyrsis. None of these; but out, alas!

A mischance is come to pass,
And I'll tell thee what it was:
See, mine eyes are weeping ripe.

Lacon. Tell, and I'll lay down my pipe.

Thyr. I have lost my lovely steer,
That to me was far more dear
Than these kine which I milk here;
Broad of forehead, large of eye,
Party-coloured like a pie,
Smooth in each limb as a die;
Clear of hoof, and clear of horn;
Sharply pointed as a thorn;
With a neck by yoke unworn;
From the which hung down by strings,

Hesperides Balls of cowslips, daisy rings,
Interplac'd with ribbonings;
Faultless every way for shape,
Not a straw could him escape;
Ever gamesome as an ape,
But yet harmless as a sheep.
Pardon, Lacon, if I weep;
Tears will spring where woes are deep.
Now, ai me! ai me! Last night
Came a mad dog, and did bite,
Aye, and killed my dear delight.

Lacon. Alack, for grief!

Thyr. But I'll be brief.

Hence I must, for time doth call
Me, and my sad playmates all,
To his evening funeral.
Live long, Lacon; so adieu!

Lacon. Mournful maid, farewell to you;
Earth afford ye flowers to strew!

TO BIANCHA.



H, Biancha! now I see
It is noon and past with me:
In a while it will strike one,
Then, Biancha, I am gone.
Some effusions let me have
Offer'd on my holy grave;
Then, Biancha, let me rest
With my face towards the East.

TO THE HANDSOME MISTRESS
GRACE POTTER.

Hesperides



S is your name so is your comely
face,
Touch'd everywhere with such
diffused grace,
As that in all that admirable round
There is not one least solecism

found,
And as that part, so every portion else
Keeps line for line with beauty's parallels.

ANACREONTIC.



MUST
Not trust
Here to any;
Bereav'd,
Deceiv'd,
By so many;

As one
Undone
By my losses,
Comply
Will I
With my crosses.
Yet still
I will
Not be grieving;
Since thence
And hence

Hesperides Comes relieving.
But this
Sweet is
In our mourning;
Times bad
And sad
Are a-turning:
And he
Whom we
See dejected;
Next day
We may
See erected.

ANACREONTIC VERSE.

BRISK, methinks I am, and fine,
When I drink my cap'ring wine:
Then to love I do incline,
When I drink my wanton wine:
And I wish all maidens mine,
When I drink my sprightly wine:
Well I sup, and well I dine,
When I drink my frolic wine:
But I languish, lower, and pine,
When I want my fragrant wine.

FEAR GETS FORCE.

DESPAIR takes heart when there's no hope to
speed:
The coward then takes arms, and does the deed.

UPON LOVE, BY WAY OF QUES-
TION AND ANSWER.

Hesperides



BRING ye love. **Ques.** What
will love do?

Ans. Like and dislike ye.

I bring ye love. **Ques.** What will
love do?

Ans. Stroke ye, to strike ye.

I bring ye love. **Ques.** What will love do?

Ans. Love will befool ye.

I bring ye love. **Ques.** What will love do?

Ans. Heat ye, to cool ye.

I bring ye love. **Ques.** What will love do?

Ans. Love gifts will send ye.

I bring ye love. **Ques.** What will love do?

Ans. Stock ye, to spend ye.

I bring ye love. **Ques.** What will love do?

Ans. Love will fulfill ye.

I bring ye love. **Ques.** What will love do?

Ans. Kiss ye, to kill ye.

HIS GRANGE.

HOW well contented in this private grange

Spend I my life, that's subject unto change;

Under whose roof, with mosswork wrought,
there I

Kiss my brown wife, and black posterity.

Hesperides LEPROSY IN HOUSES.



WHEN to a house I come, and see
The Genius wasteful more than
free;
The servants thumbless, yet to
eat
With lawless tooth the flour of
wheat:

The sons to suck the milk of kine
More than the teats of discipline;
The daughters wild and loose in dress,
Their cheeks unstained with shamefac'dness;
The husband drunk, the wife to be
A bawd to incivility:
I must confess I there descry
A house spread through with leprosy.

THE VISION.



WHEN I saw, as I did
dream in bed,
A crawling vine about Anacreon's
head:
Flushed was his face; his hairs
with oil did shine;
And, as he spake, his mouth ran o'er with wine.
Tippled he was, and tippling lisped withal;
And lipping reeled, and reeling like to fall.
A young enchantress close by him did stand,
Tapping his plump thighs with a myrtle wand:
She smil'd; he kissed, and kissing cull'd her too,

And being cup-shot, more he could not do.
 For which, methought, in pretty anger she
 Snatch'd off his crown, and gave the wreath to
 me;
 Since when, methinks, my brains about do swim,
 And I am wild and wanton like to him.

A VOW TO VENUS.

HAPPILY I had a sight
 Of my dearest dear last night;
 Make her this day smile on me,
 And I'll roses give to thee.

COMFORT TO A YOUTH THAT
HAD LOST HIS LOVE.

WHAT need complaints,
 When she a place
 Has with the race
 Of saints?
 In endless mirth,
 She thinks not on

What's said or done
 In earth:
 She sees no tears,
 Or any tone
 Of thy deep groan
 She hears:
 Nor does she mind,
 Or think on't now,
 That ever thou

Hesperides Wast kind.
But changed above,
She likes not there,
As she did here,
Thy love.
Forbear, therefore,
And lull asleep
Thy woes, and weep
No more.

SAINT DISTAFF'S DAY; OR, THE
MORROW AFTER TWELFTH DAY.



PARTLY work and partly play
Ye must on St. Distaff's day:
From the plough soon free your
team,
Then come home and fodder them.
If the maids a-spinning go,
Burn the flax and fire the tow;
Scorch their plackets, but beware
That ye singe no maiden-hair;
Bring in pails of water then,
Let the maids bewash the men;
Give St. Distaff all the right,
Then bid Christmas sport good-night,
And next morrow, every one
To his own vocation.

HIS TEARS TO THAMESIS.

Hesperides



SEND, I send here my supremest
kiss,
To thee, my silver-footed Tha-
mesis;
No more shall I reiterate thy
strand,

Whereon so many stately structures stand,
Nor in the summer's sweeter evenings go,
To bathe in thee, as thousand others do;
No more shall I along thy crystal glide
In barge, with boughs and rushes beautified,
With soft smooth virgins for our chaste disport,
To Richmond, Kingston, and to Hampton
Court;

Never again shall I with finny oar
Put from or draw unto the faithful shore;
And landing here, or safely landing there,
Make way to my beloved Westminster,
Or to the golden Cheapside, where the earth
Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.
May all clean nymphs, and curious water dames,
With swan-like state float up and down thy
streams;

No drought upon thy wanton waters fall,
To make them lean and languishing at all;
No ruffling winds come hither to disease
Thy pure and silver-wristed Naiades.
Keep up your state, ye streams; and as ye spring,
Never make sick your banks by surfeiting.

Hesperides Grow young with tides, & though I see ye never,
Receive this vow; so fare ye well for ever.

TRUTH AND ERROR.

'TWIXT truth and error there's this difference
known;
Error is fruitful, truth is only one.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, KING AND QUEEN.

OW, now the mirth comes
With the cake full of plums,
Where Bean's the king of the
sport here;
Beside, we must know
The Pea also
Must revel, as queen, in the court here.

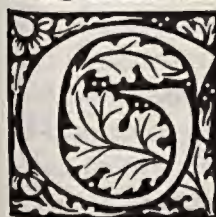
Begin then to choose,
This night as ye use,
Who shall for the present delight here;
Be a king by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelfth-day queen for the night here.

Which known, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake,
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who unurged will not drink,
To the base from the brink,
A health to the king and the queen here.

Next crown the bowl full
 With gentle lambs' wool,
 Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
 With store of ale too;
 And thus ye must do
 To make the wassail a swinger.

Give then to the king
 And queen wassailing,
 And though with ale ye be whet here,
 Yet part ye from hence
 As free from offence
 As when ye innocent met here.

HIS DESIRE.

IVE me a man that is not dull
 When all the world with rifts is
 full,
 But unamaz'd dares clearly sing
 Whenas the roof's a-tottering,
 And, though it falls, continues still
 Tickling the cittern with his quill.

THE TINKER'S SONG.

LONG, come along,
 Let's meet in a throng
 Here of tinkers;
 And quaff up a bowl,
 As big as a cowl,
 To beer-drinkers.

The pole of the hop

Hesperides Place in the ale-shop,
To bethwack us,
If ever we think
So much as to drink
Unto Bacchus.
Who frolic will be,
For little cost he
Must not vary
From beer-broth at all,
So much as to call
For canary.

HIS COMFORT.

THE only comfort of my life
Is, that I never yet had wife,
Nor will hereafter, since I know
Who weds, o'erbuys his weal with woe.

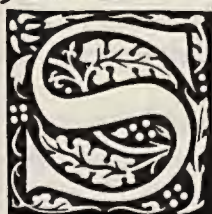
TO ANTHEA.



SICK is Anthea, sickly is the
spring,
The primrose sick, and sickly
everything;
The while my dear Anthea does
but droop,
The tulips, lilies, daffodils do stoop;
But when again she's got her healthful hour,
Each bending then, will rise a proper flower.

TO HIS PECULIAR FRIEND, MR.
JOHN WICKS.

Hesperides



SINCE shed or cottage I have
none,
I sing the more, that thou hast one
To whose glad threshold and free
door,
I may a poet come, though poor,
And eat with thee a savoury bit,
Paying but common thanks for it.
Yet should I chance, my Wicks, to see
An over-leaven look in thee,
To sour the bread and turn the beer
To an exalted vinegar;
Or shouldst thou prize me as a dish
Of thrice-boiled worts, or third-day's fish,
I'd rather hungry go and come,
Than to thy house be burdensome:
Yet, in my depth of grief I'd be
One that should drop his beads for thee.

CHARMS.

THIS I'll tell ye by the way,
Maidens, when ye leavens lay,
Cross your dough, and your dispatch
Will be better for your batch.

ANOTHER.

IN the morning when ye rise,
Wash your hands and cleanse your eyes;

Hesperides Next, be sure ye have a care
To disperse the water far,
For as far as that doth light,
So far keeps the evil sprite.

ANOTHER.

IF ye fear to be affrighted,
When ye are by chance benighted,
In your pocket, for a trust,
Carry nothing but a crust:
For that holy piece of bread
Charms the danger and the dread.

**A DIALOGUE BETWIXT HIMSELF
AND MISTRESS ELIZABETH
WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME OF
AMARILLIS.**



Y dearest love, since thou wilt go,
And leave me here behind thee,
For love or pity, let me know
The place where I may find thee.
Amarillis. In country meadows,
pearled with dew
And set about with lilies,
There, filling maunds with cowslips, you
May find your Amarillis.

Herrick. What have the meads to do with thee,
Or with thy youthful hours?
Live thou at court, where thou may'st be
The queen of men, not flowers.

Let country wenches make 'em fine
With posies, since 'tis fitter
For thee with richest gems to shine,
And like the stars to glitter.

Hesperides

Amaril. You set too high a rate upon
A shepherdess so homely.

Her. Believe it, dearest, there's not one
I'th' court that's half so comely.

I prithee stay. **Amaril.** I must away;
Let's kiss first, then we'll sever.

Ambo. And though we bid adieu to-day,
We shall not part for ever.

TO JULIA.



HELP me, Julia, for to pray,
Matins sing, or matins say;
This I know, the fiend will fly
Far away, if thou be'st by;
Bring the holy water hither;
Let us wash, and pray together;
When our beads are thus united,
Then the foe will fly affrighted.

TO ROSES IN JULIA'S BOSOM.

ROSES, you can never die,
Since the place wherein ye lie
Heat and moisture mixed are so
As to make ye ever grow.

Hesperides OF LOVE.



INSTRUCT me now what love will do;

2. 'T will make a tongueless man to woo.

1. Inform me next what love will do;

2. 'T will strangely make a one of two.

1. Teach me besides, what love will do;

2. 'T will quickly mar, and make ye too.

1. Tell me, now last, what love will do;

2. 'T will hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through.

THE SCHOOL OR PEARL OF
PUTNEY, THE MISTRESS OF ALL
SINGULAR MANNERS, MISTRESS
PORTMAN.



WHETHER I was myself, or else did see

Out of myself that glorious hierarchy;

Or whether those, in orders rare, or these,

Made up one state of sixty Venuses;

Or whether fairies, syrens, nymphs they were,

Or Muses, on their mountain sitting there;

Or some enchanted place, I do not know;

Or Sharon, where eternal roses grow.

This I am sure; I ravish'd stood, as one

Confus'd in utter admiration.

Methought I saw them stir, and gently move,
 And look as all were capable of love;
 And in their motion smelt much like to flowers
 Inspired by th' sunbeams after dews and showers.
 There did I see the reverend Rectress stand,
 Who with her eyes' -gleam, or a glance of hand,
 Those spirits rais'd; and with like precepts then,
 As with a magic, laid them all again:
 A happy realm! when no compulsive law,
 Or fear of it, but love keeps all in awe.
 Live you, great mistress of your arts, and be
 A nursing mother so to majesty;
 As those your ladies may in time be seen,
 For grace and carriage, every one a queen.
 One birth their parents gave them; but their new,
 And better being, they receive from you:
 Man's former birth is graceless; but the state
 Of life comes in, when he's regenerate.

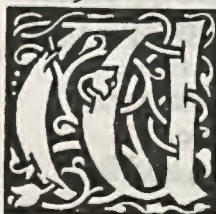
ON HIMSELF.


 WEARIED pilgrim I have wan-
 dred here,
 Twice five-and-twenty, bate me
 but one year;
 Long I have lasted in this world,
 'tis true,
 But yet those years that I have lived, but few.
 Who by his grey hairs doth his lustres tell,
 Lives not those years, but he that lives them well;
 One man has reached his sixty years, but he

Hesperides

Of all those threescore has not liv'd half three;
He lives, who lives to virtue: men who cast
Their ends for pleasure, do not live, but last.

HIS COVENANT OR PROTESTATION TO JULIA.



W^HY dost thou wound and break
my heart,
As if we should for ever part?
Hast thou not heard an oath from
me, ...
After a day, or two, or three,
I would come back and live with thee?
Take, if thou dost distrust that vow,
This second protestation now.
Upon thy cheek that spangled tear,
Which sits as dew of roses there:
That tear shall scarce be dried before
I'll kiss the threshold of thy door.
Then weep not, sweet, but this much know,
I'm half return'd before I go.

ON HIMSELF.



W^ILL no longer kiss,
I can no longer stay;
The way of all flesh is,
That I must go this day.
Since longer I can't live,
My frolic youths, adieu;
My lamp to you I'll give,
And all my troubles too.

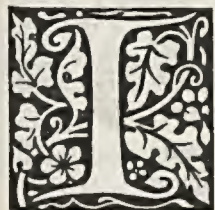
HIS LAST REQUEST TO JULIA. Hesperides



HAVE been wanton & too bold, I fear,
To chafe o'ermuch the virgin's cheek
or ear;
Beg for my pardon, Julia; he doth win
Grace with the gods, who's sorry for
his sin;

That done, my Julia, dearest Julia, come,
And go with me to choose my burial room:
My fates are ended; when thy Herrick dies,
Clasp thou his book, then close thou up his eyes.

TO CUPID.



HAVE a leaden, thou a shaft of gold;
Thou kill'st with heat, and I strike
dead with cold:
Let's try of us who shall the first
expire,
Or thou by frost, or I by quenchless fire.

Extremes are fatal where they once do strike,
And bring to th' heart destruction both alike.

TO HIS BOOK.



O thou forth, my book, though late,
Yet be timely fortunate.
It may chance good luck may send
Thee a kinsman, or a friend,
That may harbour thee, when I
With my fates neglected lie;

If thou know'st not where to dwell,
See, the fire's by: Farewell.

Hesperides TO CROWN IT.

MY wearied bark, O let it now be crown'd!
The haven reach'd to which I first was bound.

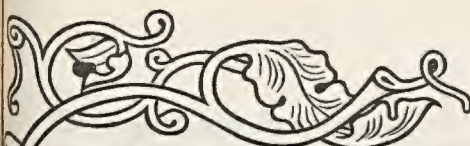
ON HIMSELF.



HE work is done; young men and
maidens set
Upon my curls the myrtle coronet,
Wash'd with sweet ointments;
thus at last I come
To suffer in the Muses' martyrdom,
But with this comfort, if my blood be shed,
The Muses will wear blacks when I am dead.

THE PILLAR OF FAME.

FAME'S pillar here at last we set,
Out-during marble, brass, or jet; 
Charm'd and enchanted so,
 As to withstand the blow
Of overthrow: 
Nor shall the seas,
Or OUTRAGES
Of storms o'erbear
What we uprear;
Tho' kingdoms fall,
This pillar never shall
Decline or waste at all
 But stand for ever by his own
Firm and well-fix'd foundation. 
To his book's end this last line he'd have plac'd:
Jocund his Muse was, but his life was chaste. 



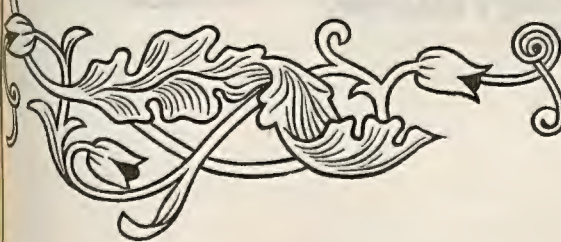
HIS NOBLE NUMBERS; OR, HIS
PIOUS PIECES.

TO FIND GOD.



TEIGH me the fire; or
canst thou find
A way to measure out
the wind;
Distinguish all those
floods that are
Mix'd in that watery
theater;
And taste thou them
as saltless there,

As in their channel first they were;
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdoms of the deep;
Or fetch me back that cloud again,
Beshiver'd into seeds of rain;
Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and spears
Of corn, when summer shakes his ears;
Show me that world of stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their influence:
This if thou canst; then show me Him
That rides the glorious cherubim.



TO GOD.



O with me, God, as thou didst
deal with John,
Who writ that heavenly Revela-
tion;
Let me, like him, first cracks of
thunder hear;

Then let the harp's enchantments strike mine ear;
Here give me thorns; there, in thy kingdom set
Upon my head the golden coronet;
There give me day; but here my dreadful night;
My sackcloth here; but there my stole of white.

AN ODE OF THE BIRTH OF OUR
SAVIOUR.



I numbers, and but these few,
I sing thy birth, oh JESU!
Thou pretty Baby, born here,
With superabundant scorn here:
Who for thy princely port here,
Hadst for thy place

Of birth, a base
Out-stable for thy court here.

Instead of neat enclosures
Of interwoven osiers,
Instead of fragrant posies,
Of daffodils and roses;
Thy cradle, Kingly Stranger,
As Gospel tells,

Was nothing else,
But, here, a homely manger.

But we with silks, not crewels,
With sundry precious jewels,
And lily-work, will dress thee;
And as we dispossess thee
Of clouts, we'll make a chamber,
Sweet Babe, for thee,
Of ivory,
And plaster'd round with amber.

The Jews they did disdain thee,
But we will entertain thee
With glories to await here
Upon thy princely state here,
And more for love than pity;
From year to year
We'll make thee, here,
A freeborn of our city.

UPON TIME.

TIME was upon
The wing, to fly away;
And I called on
Him but a while to stay;
But he'd be gone,
For aught that I could say.

Noble He held out then
Numbers A writing, as he went;
And asked me, when
False man would be content
To pay again
What God and nature lent.

An hour-glass,
In which were sands but few,
As he did pass,
He show'd, and told me too,
Mine end near was,
And so away he flew.

HIS LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!
When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees

No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

Noble
Numbers

When his potion and his pill,
His, or none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing, but to kill;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath pray'd,
And I nod to what is said
'Cause my speech is now decayed;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm toss'd about,
Either with despair, or doubt,
Yet, before the glass be out;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu' th

Noble With the sins of all my youth,
Numbers And half damns me with untruth;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Judgment is reveal'd,
And that opened which was seal'd,
When to thee I have appeal'd;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD FOR HIS HOUSE.



LORD, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weatherproof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry;
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by th' poor,

Who thither come, and freely get
 Good words or meat.
 Like as my parlour, so my hall
 And kitchen's small;
 A little buttery, and therein
 A little bin,
 Which keeps my little loaf of bread
 Unchipped, unflead;
 Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
 Make me a fire,
 Close by whose living coal I sit,
 And glow like it.
 Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
 The pulse is thine,
 And all those other bits that be
 There placed by thee;
 The worts, the purslane, and the mess
 Of water-cress,
 Which of thy kindness thou hast sent;
 And my content
 Makes those, and my beloved beet,
 To be more sweet.
 'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
 With guiltless mirth,
 And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
 Spic'd to the brink.
 Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
 That soils my land,
 And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
 Twice ten for one:

Noble
Numbers

Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day;
Besides my healthful ewes to bear
Me twins each year;
The while the conduits of my kine
Run cream, for wine.
All these, and better thou dost send
Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart;
Which, fired with incense, I resign,
As wholly thine;
But the acceptance, ... that must be,
My Christ, by thee.

DEVOTION MAKES THE DEITY.
WHO forms a godhead out of gold or stone,
Makes not a god, but he that prays to one.

ETERNITY.



YEARS! and age! farewell:
Behold I go,
Where I do know
Infinity to dwell.
And these mine eyes shall see
All times, how they
Are lost i'th' sea
Of vast eternity.

Where never moon shall sway
The stars; but she
And night, shall be
Drown'd in one endless day.

Noble
Numbers

TO HIS SAVIOUR, A CHILD; A PRE-
SENT, BY A CHILD.



O, pretty child, & bear this flower
Unto thy little Saviour;
And tell him, by that bud now
blown,
He is the Rose of Sharon known.
When thou hast said so, stick it

there

Upon his bib or stomacher;
And tell him, for good handsel too,
That thou hast brought a whistle new,
Made of a clean straight oaten reed,
To charm his cries at time of need.
Tell him, for coral, thou hast none,
But if thou hadst, he should have one;
But poor thou art, and known to be
Even as moneyless as he.
Lastly, if thou canst win a kiss
From those mellifluous lips of his;
Then never take a second one,
To spoil the first impression.

Noble
Numbers

THE DIRGE OF JEPHTHAH'S
DAUGHTER. SUNG BY THE VIRGINS.



THOU, the wonder of all days!
O paragon, and pearl of praise!
O virgin-martyr, ever blest
Above the rest
Of all the maiden-train! we
come,
And bring fresh strewings to thy tomb.

Thus, thus, and thus we compass round
Thy harmless and unhaunted ground,
And as we sing thy dirge, we will
The daffodil,
And other flowers lay upon,
The altar of our love, thy stone.

Thou, wonder of all maids, liest here,
Of daughters all, the dearest dear;
The eye of virgins; nay, the queen
Of this smooth green,
And all sweet meads, from whence we get
The primrose and the violet.

Too soon, too dear did Jephthah buy,
By thy sad loss, our liberty;
His was the bond and covenant, yet
Thou paid'st the debt,
Lamented maid! He won the day,
But for the conquest thou didst pay.

Thy father brought with him along
The olive branch and victor's song;
He slew the Ammonites, we know,
But to thy woe;
And in the purchase of our peace,
The cure was worse than the disease.

For which obedient zeal of thine
We offer here, before thy shrine,
Our sighs for storax, tears for wine;
And to make fine
And fresh thy hearse-cloth, we will, here,
Four times bestrew thee every year.

Receive, for this thy praise, our tears;
Receive this offering of our hairs;
Receive these crystal vials, fill'd
With tears distill'd
From teeming eyes; to these we bring,
Each maid, her silver filleting,

To gild thy tomb; besides, these cauls,
These laces, ribbons, and these faules,
These veils wherewith we use to hide
The bashful bride
When we conduct her to her groom:
All, all we lay upon thy tomb.

No more, no more, since thou art dead,
Shall we e'er bring coy brides to bed;
No more, at yearly festivals,

Noble We cowslip balls,
Numbers Or chains of columbines, shall make
For this or that occasion's sake.

No, no; our maiden pleasures be
Wrapt in the winding-sheet with thee;
'Tis we are dead, though not i'th' grave,
Or if we have
One seed of life left, 'tis to keep
A Lent for thee, to fast and weep.

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice,
And make this place all paradise;
May sweets grow here! and smoke from hence
Fat frankincense:
Let balm and cassia send their scent
From out thy maiden monument.

May no wolf howl, or screech-owl stir
A wing about thy sepulchre!
No boisterous winds or storms come hither,
To starve or wither
Thy soft sweet earth! but like a spring
Love keep it ever flourishing.

May all shy maids, at wonted hours,
Come forth to strew thy tomb with flowers;
May virgins, when they come to mourn,
Male-incense burn
Upon thine altar! then return
And leave thee sleeping in thy urn.

GRACE FOR A CHILD.

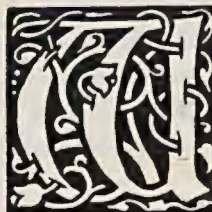
Noble
Numbers



ERE a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, and on us all. *Amen.*

A CHRISTMAS CAROL, SUNG TO THE KING IN THE PRESENCE AT WHITEHALL.

Chorus.



HAT sweeter music can we bring
Than a carol, for to sing
The birth of this our heavenly
King?
Awake the voice! awake the string!
Heart, ear, and eye, & every thing,
Awake! the while the active finger
Runs division with the singer.

From the flourish they came to the song.

1. Dark and dull night, fly hence away,
And give the honour to this day,
That sees December turn'd to May.

2. If we may ask the reason, say;
The why and wherefore all things here
Seem like the spring-time of the year?

Noble 3. Why does the chilling winter's morn
Numbers Smile like a field beset with corn?
Or smell like to a mead new-shorn,
Thus on the sudden? 4. Come and see
The cause why things thus fragrant be:
'Tis he is born, whose quick'ning birth
Gives life and lustre, public mirth,
To heaven and the under-earth.

Chor. We see him come, and know him ours,
Who, with his sunshine and his showers,
Turns all the patient ground to flowers.

1. The darling of the world is come,
And fit it is we find a room
To welcome him. 2. The nobler part
Of all the house here, is the heart,

Chor. Which we will give him, and bequeath
This holly and this ivy wreath,
To do him honour; who's our King,
And Lord of all this revelling.

The musical part was composed by Mr. Henry Lawes.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT, OR CIRCUMCISION'S SONG. SUNG TO THE KING IN THE PRESENCE AT WHITEHALL.

Noble
Numbers



REPARE for songs; he's come,
he's come;
And be it sin here to be dumb,
And not with lutes to fill the room.
2. Cast holy water all about,
And have a care no fire goes out,
But 'cense the porch and place throughout.

3. The altars all on fire be;
The storax fries, and ye may see
How heart and hand do all agree
To make things sweet. **Chor.** Yet all less sweet
than he.

4. Bring him along, most pious priest,
And tell us then, whenas thou see'st
His gently-gliding dove-like eyes,
And hear'st his whim'ring and his cries;
How canst thou this babe circumcise?

5. Ye must not be more pitiful than wise;
For, now unless ye see him bleed,
Which makes the baptism, 'tis decreed
The birth is fruitless. **Chor.** Then the work God
speed.

Noble 1. Touch gently, gently touch; and here
Numbers Spring tulips up through all the year;
And from his sacred blood, here shed,
May roses grow, to crown his own dear head.

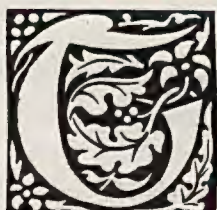
Chor. Back, back again; each thing is done
With zeal alike, as 'twas begun;

Now, singing, homeward let us carry
The babe unto his mother Mary;
And when we have the child commended
To her warm bosom, then our rites are ended.

Composed by Mr. Henry Lawes.

THE STAR SONG; A CAROL TO THE KING. SUNG AT WHITEHALL.

The flourish of music: then followed the song.

ELL us, thou clear and heavenly
tongue,
Where is the babe but lately
sprung?
Lies he the lily-banks among?
2. Or say, if this new birth of ours
Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers,
Spangled with dew-light; thou canst clear
All doubts, and manifest the where.

3. Declare to us, bright star, if we shall seek
Him in the morning's blushing cheek,
Or search the bed of spices through,
To find him out?

Star. No, this ye need not do;
But only come and see him rest,
A princely babe, in's mother's breast.

**Noble
Numbers**

Chor. He's seen! he's seen! Why then a round,
Let's kiss the sweet and holy ground,
And all rejoice that we have found
A King, before conception crown'd.

4. Come then, come then, and let us bring
Unto our pretty Twelfth-tide King
Each one his several offering;

Chor. And when night comes, we'll give him
wassailing;
And that his treble honours may be seen,
We'll choose him King, and make his mother
Queen.

TO HIS DEAR GOD.

LL hope no more
For things that will not come:
And if they do, they prove but
cumbersome.
Wealth brings much woe,
And, since it fortunes so,
'Tis better to be poor
Than so t'abound,
As to be drown'd,
Or overwhelm'd with store.

Noble
Numbers

Pale care, avaunt!
I'll learn to be content
With that small stock thy bounty gave or lent.
What may conduce
To my most healthful use,
Almighty God, me grant;
But that, or this,
That hurtful is,
Deny thy suppliant.

ON HEAVEN.



ERMIT mine eyes to see
Part, or the whole of thee,
O happy place!
Where all have grace,
And garlands shared,
For their reward;
Where each chaste soul
In long white stole,
And palms in hand,
Do ravished stand;
So in a ring,
The praises sing
Of Three in One,
That fill the throne;
While harps and viols then
To voices say, Amen.

GOOD MEN AFFLICTED MOST.

Noble
Numbers



OD makes not good men wantons,
but doth bring
Them to the field, and there, to
skirmishing;
With trials those, with terrors
these he proves,

And hazards those most whom the most he loves.
For Sceva, darts; for Cocles, dangers; thus
He finds a fire for mighty Mutius;
Death for stout Cato; and besides all these
A poison too he has for Socrates;
Torments for high Attilius; and with want,
Brings in Fabricius for a combatant;
But bastard-slips, and such as he dislikes,
He never brings them once to th' push of pikes.

TO GOD.



ARDON me, God, once more I
thee entreat,
That I have plac'd thee in so mean
a seat,
Where round about thou see'st
but all things vain,

Uncircumcis'd, unseason'd, and profane.
But as heaven's public and immortal eye
Looks on the filth, but is not soil'd thereby;
So thou, my God, may'st on this impure look,
But take no tincture from my sinful book:
Let but one beam of glory on it shine,
And that will make me and my work divine.

THE GOODNESS OF HIS GOD.



WHEN winds and seas do rage,
And threaten to undo me,
Thou dost their wrath assuage,
If I but call unto thee.
A mighty storm last night
Did seek my soul to swallow;
But by the peep of light
A gentle calm did follow.

What need I then despair
Though ills stand round about me;
Since mischiefs neither dare
To bark or bite, without thee?

THE WIDOW'S TEARS; OR, DIRGE OF DORCAS.



COME, pity us, all ye who see
Our harps hung on the willow-tree:
Come pity us, ye passers-by,
Who see or hear poor widows cry;
Come pity us, and bring your ears
And eyes, to pity widows' tears.

Chorus. And when you are come hither,
Then we will keep
A fast, and weep
Our eyes out altogether.
For Tabitha, who dead lies here,
Clean wash'd, and laid out for the bier;

O modest matrons, weep and wail!
For now the corn and wine must fail:
The basket and the bin of bread,
Wherewith so many souls were fed,
Chor. Stand empty here for ever;
And ah! the poor,
At thy worn door,
Shall be relieved never.

Woe worth the time, woe worth the day,
That reaved us of thee, Tabitha!
For we have lost, with thee, the meal,
The bits, the morsels, and the deal
Of gentle paste and yielding dough,
That thou on widows did bestow.
Chor. All's gone, and death hath taken
Away from us
Our maundy; thus,
Thy widows stand forsaken.

Ah, Dorcas, Dorcas! now adieu
We bid the cruse and pannier too;
Ay, and the flesh, for and the fish,
Doled to us in that lordly dish.
We take our leaves now of the loom
From whence the housewives' cloth did come;
Chor. The web affords now nothing;
Thou being dead,
The worsted thread
Is cut, that made us clothing.

**Noble
Numbers**

Farewell the flax and reaming wool,
With which thy house was plentiful;
Farewell the coats, the garments, and
The sheets, the rugs, made by thy hand;
Farewell thy fire and thy light,
That ne'er went out by day or night.

Chor. No, or thy zeal so speedy,
That found a way,
By peep of day,
To feed and clothe the needy.

But ah, alas! the almond bough,
And olive branch is wither'd now,
The wine-press now is ta'en from us,
The saffron and the calamus;
The spice and spikenard hence is gone,
The storax and the cinnamon.

Chor. The carol of our gladness
Has taken wing,
And our late spring
Of mirth is turn'd to sadness.

How wise wast thou in all thy ways!
How worthy of respect and praise!
How matron-like didst thou go drest!
How soberly above the rest
Of those that prank it with their plumes,
And jet it with their choice perfumes.

Chor. Thy vestures were not flowing:
Nor did the street

Accuse thy feet
Of mincing in their going.

Noble
Numbers

And though thou here liest dead, we see
A deal of beauty yet in thee.
How sweetly shows thy smiling face,
Thy lips with all diffused grace!
Thy hands, though cold, yet spotless, white,
And comely as the chrysolite.

Chor. Thy belly like a hill is,
Or as a neat
Clean heap of wheat,
All set about with lilies.

Sleep with thy beauties here, while we
Will show these garments made by thee;
These were the coats, in these are read
The monuments of Dorcas dead:
These were thy acts, and thou shalt have
These hung as honours o'er thy grave,

Chor. And after us, distressed,
Should fame be dumb,
Thy very tomb
Would cry out, Thou art blessed.

Noble
Numbers

THE WHITE ISLAND: OR, PLACE OF THE BLESSED.



In this world, the Isle of Dreams,
While we sit by sorrow's streams,
Tears and terrors are our themes,
Reciting:
But when once from hence we fly,
More and more approaching nigh

Unto young eternity
Uniting:

In that whiter island, where
Things are evermore sincere;
Candour here, and lustre there
Delighting:

There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell an horror call,
To create, or cause at all,
Affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep
We our eyes shall never steep;
But eternal watch shall keep,
Attending

Pleasures such as shall pursue
Me immortalized, and you,
And fresh joys, as never too
Have ending.

TAPERS.

Noble
Numbers



HOSE tapers which we set upon
the grave
In funeral pomp, but this import-
ance have;
That souls departed are not put
out quite;

But, as they walked here in their vestures white,
So live in heaven, in everlasting light.

TO KEEP A TRUE LENT.



IS this a fast to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?
Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still

To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No; 'tis a fast, to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

Noble It is to fast from strife,
Numbers From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

TO GOD.

THE work is done; now let my laurel be
Given by none but by thyself to me:
That done, with honour thou dost me create
Thy poet and thy prophet laureate.

HIS SAVIOUR'S WORDS, GOING TO THE CROSS.



AVE, have ye no regard, all ye
Who pass this way, to pity me,
Who am a man of misery?
A man both bruis'd and broke,
and one
Who suffers not here for mine
own,
But for my friend's transgression!

Ah! Sion's daughters, do not fear
The cross, the cords, the nails, the spear,
The myrrh, the gall, the vinegar;

For Christ, your loving Saviour, hath
Drunk up the wine of God's fierce wrath;
Only, there's left a little froth,

Noble
Numbers

Less for to taste, than for to show
What bitter cups had been your due,
Had he not drank them up for you.

HIS ANTHEM TO CHRIST ON THE CROSS.



WHEN I behold thee, almost slain,
With one & all parts full of pain;
When I thy gentle heart do see
Pierced through and dropping
blood for me,
I'll call and cry out, Thanks to
thee.

Verse. But yet it wounds my soul to think
That for my sin thou, thou must drink,
Even thou alone, the bitter cup
Of fury and of vengeance up.

Chorus. Lord, I'll not see thee to drink all
The vinegar, the myrrh, the gall;

Ver. Chor. But I will sip a little wine,
Which done, Lord say, The rest is mine.

THIS CROSS-TREE HERE
DOTH JESUS BEAR, WHO
SWEETENED FIRST, THE
DEATH ACCURSED.

HERE all things ready are, make haste, make haste, away;
For long this work will be, and very short this day.

Why then, go on to act: here's wonders to be done,
Before the last least sand of thy ninth hour be run

Or ere dark clouds do dull, or dead the mid-day's sun.

Act when thou wilt, Blood will
be spilt; Pure balm, that shall

Bring health to all. Why,

then, begin To pour first in

Some drops of wine, Instead

of brine, To search the wound,

So long unsound; And when

that's done, Let oil next run,

To cure the sore Sin made before.

And, O! dear Christ! E'en as

thou diest, Look down, & see

Us weep for thee. And though,

love knows, Thy dreadful woes

We cannot ease; Yet do thou

please, Who mercy art,

T'accept each heart, That gladly

would Help, if it could.

Meanwhile, let me, Beneath

this tree, This honour have,

To make my grave.

EPITAPH ON SIR EDWARD GILES
AND HIS WIFE, IN DEAN PRIOR
CHURCH, DEVON.

Noble
Numbers



O trust to metals or to marbles,
when
These have their fate and wear
away as men;
Times, titles, trophies, may be
lost and spent,

But virtue rears the eternal monument.

What more than these can tombs or tombstones
pay?

But here's the sunset of a tedious day:

These two asleep are: I'll but be undrest

And so to bed: pray wish us all good rest.

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